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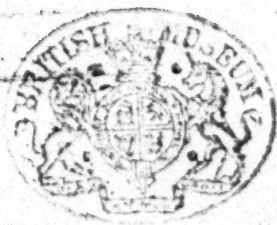
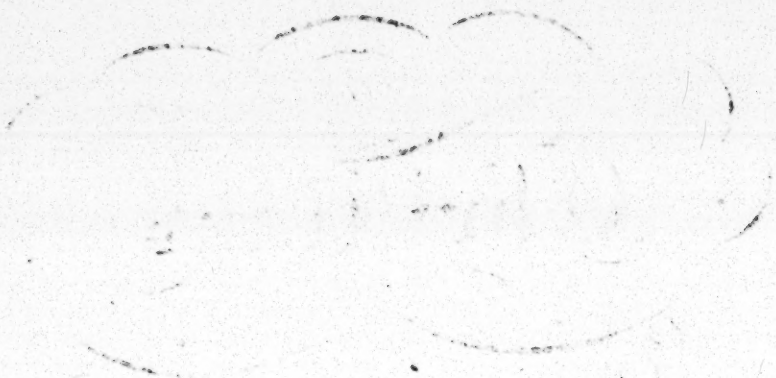
THE
Christian's
POCKET LIBRARY,
BY
JOHN STANFORD. M.A.



VOL. I.

NEW YORK,

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1796.



P R E F A C E.

THE intention of this publication is to disseminate the TRUTH of the EVERLASTING GOSPEL, in its rich variety of doctrine, precept, experience and history, both by prose and verse, in a manner calculated to gratify the more sublime taste, and to instruct the plainest capacity. In a day of dissipation, infidelity and error, like the present, when, by precept and example, our youth, of every description, are industriously prejudiced against the volume of REVELATION; and while many professors of religion start aside into *new paths*, too many efforts, in every agreeable form, cannot be made to defend the truths of PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY, and to lead the serious enquirer to taste its sacred streams which

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lead

lead him to God, refine his soul, regulate his life, support him under sufferings, and animate his hope in prospect of a blissful immortality!

How far the efforts of the EDITOR of the *Christian's Pocket Library* may have answered these purposes, he leaves with God, and the public. It is, however, with greatful pleasure he reviews the long list of respectable SUBSCRIBERS to this WORK, and from thence presumes his labours have not been unacceptable, nor in vain. Thus prompted, he ventures, under the smiles of IMMANUEL, and the farther encouragement of his pious READERS, upon the publication of another volume.

1 NO 61

New-York, August 1, 1796.

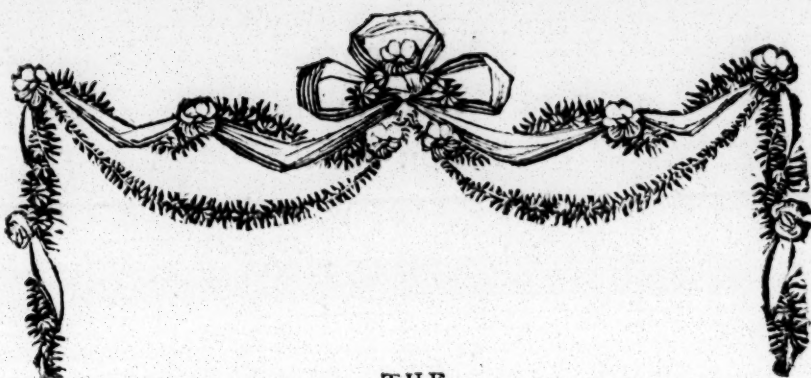
*Explanation of the VIGNETTE upon the
Title Page.*

IN the centre is a figure of JESUS CHRIST, our ADORABLE SAVIOUR, accompanied by MERCY and JUSTICE.

JUSTICE, in her left hand, poises a pair of scales: one of which contains the two tables of the MORAL LAW;—the other a BUBBLE, emblematical of man in his fallen state. The latter, being weighed in the balance, is *found wanting*. JUSTICE receives from CHRIST a Cross, representing his own SACRIFICE. This she accepts, and by her inverted SWORD, pronounces satisfactory.

MERCY, on the right hand of our SAVIOUR, receives from him an *Olive-branch*, the well known emblem of PEACE, and a sure pledge of his love to sinners, to be published among all nations.

1 NO 61



THE
CHRISTIAN'S
POCKET LIBRARY.

No. I.—VOL. II.

AN ESSAY ON TIME.

———We take no note of time
But by its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man.———

YOUNG.

TIME, though a reality with which in our present existence we are deeply conversant, is the most difficult to explain; and some have thought its nature so extremely intricate that it is incapable of admitting any clear and explicit definition. It
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is, therefore, with diffidence we enter upon this subject, and offer our observations upon it, not as usurping over the reason or the religion of our readers, but with a devout wish for their instruction, by that Almighty Being who is the first cause, the great and last end of all things.

Time is the limited or given period for the production and duration of things in natural life, according to the wise counsel and sovereign pleasure of God. The diurnal and annual revolutions of the sun, as having been, from the beginning of nature, constant, regular, and universally observable by mankind, and supposed equal to one another, have been, with reason, made use of for the measure of such natural and animal existence: consequently, we find that time has been divided into centuries, years, months, weeks, days, hours, minutes, seconds, &c. and by these the larger and less intervals of time are estimated and measured. Whatever is without time has no succession; and whatever is in time, is subject to changes. Time, therefore, consists of three parts—the *present*, which enjoys existence; the *past*, which has lost it; the *future*, which is to obtain it. The light of nature, I presume, may teach us, that time is a *creature*; or, in other words, is given out and designed by the Supreme Majesty; because it is in a perpetual flux,

flux, produces the will of him who reigns above all, and is itself perishing in its own ruins, dragging with it the fate of kingdoms in spite of human opposition. Some, therefore, have called time a drop taken out of the vast ocean of eternity, and which shall return into its own bosom; that it is an intermediate space, a prelude to an infinite expansion, boundless and never ending. Mr. Locke says, "the general idea we have of time, is by considering any part of infinite duration, as set out by periodical measures." The being or existence of time is obvious to all; and although a philosophical search after its origin, nature, and periods, be commendable in the penetrating genius, yet its improvement for our moral happiness must certainly meet the highest commendation, and be more interesting to all; and, from this conviction, numberless volumes have been written upon the subject.

However uncertain the sentiments of philosophy upon the subject of time, let us now take up our BIBLE and see if we cannot tread upon more solid ground, and derive more pleasure in our inquiries.

I. This inestimable volume, the bible, directs our inquiries to Jehovah, as the ANCIENT OF DAYS, Daniel vii. that is, the author of *time*,
and

and the parent of *eternity*; who was before all things, by whom and for whom all things were made; and which, in the new testament, is applied to Jesus Christ in his divinity, who is God over all, blessed forever, the first and the last. Rev. i. 8.

Time, though now grown old, bears not its own date; neither informs us of its designed period; but the scriptures instruct us of the formation of the universe, when time, with human beings, commenced; the divisions of time by day and night, and what we call its weekly round; likewise of the period when the angel shall stand upon the earth and upon the sea, lift up his hand to heaven, and swear by him that liveth forever and ever, that there should be time no longer. Rev. x. 5, 6. Therefore, in point of antiquity, the bible claims our devout esteem. This volume also gives us the completest history of the succession of time, as to the being and the vicissitudes of a vast number of the inhabitants of the earth, as formed into families, cities, and empires; the greater part of which were the subject of previous prophecy; and which, in their time, were fulfilled, not one failed; an investigation of which gives us a solid evidence of the authenticity of the scripture. Those who have been most conversant with the bible, have observed that the duration of time is marked with seven periods,

riods, or thousand years; two from the creation to the flood, two to the birth of Christ, two for the gospel æra, now in being, making six thousand years; to which is added, one thousand for the personal reign of Christ, called the Millennium: in the whole, seven thousand years; corresponding with the six first days of creation, and the sabbath, or seventh, the day of rest; for *a thousand years are with the Lord as one day.*

II. Let us now contemplate time as the limited space of man's natural existence. To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven; a time to be born, and a time to die. Eccl. iii. 1, 2. Man cometh not into being by accidental circumstances, or by what some call chance, but according to the fore-knowledge and infinite pleasure of God, who declareth the end from the beginning, and who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. David, in language most sublime, acknowledges God the author of his existence:—*Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect: and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them.* Psm. cxxxix. 16. And in contemplation on the human structure, we may unite with Dr. Lowth—

With awful joy I view this frame of mine,
Stupendous monument of power divine!

Our clime, parents, birth, parts, passions, time, place, and circumstances of our introduction to natural life, infancy, youth, manhood, old age, death, with all their variety of appendages and events, in their successive periods, are ordered by that God *in whom we live, move, and have our being*. Acts xvii. 28. Or, as Cowper admirably describes it—

———God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill.

We are not long introduced to life before we learn that time, like a vast confluence of waters, takes its rise from eternity; rapidly returns to the unbounded source from whence it came, bearing on its bosom the myriads of the human race. We learn too, that none can stem the current, nor for a moment divide its stream; it is, indeed, visible to all as we pass along, we date its rise with us, but *none knoweth what a day may bring forth*, nor ascertain when the solemn period of our time shall be turned by the hand of death. In youth we are prone to view our future time as a vast expanse;

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in manhood, by more confirmed worldly habits, we call our moments our own; though frequently they elude our touch, and either cut short the thread of life, or imperceptibly bring us to old age. May we not say with David, *Lord remember how short my time is!* Psm. lxxxix. 47. *Our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding;* 1 Chron. xxix. 15. *a vapor, that in an instant is no more seen!* James iv. 14. The longest life, in the review, is but as yesterday; and its various occurrences are as a tale that is told: Yet, every fleeting moment and revolving year are graduated by the hand of Almighty God, upon the scale of human being, and each shall answer his intended end.

III. The transactions of human beings survive the wreck of time, and pass into eternity; a thought, this, which should fall with solemn weight upon every breast. God's universal government, the unequal distribution of rewards and punishments in this life, the soul's consciousness of virtue and of vice, the egress of the mind towards a future state, man's departure out of time by death against his own will; these, with many other incontestable truths, form the foundation of our confidence, that the transactions of mankind, in time, are amenable to a future state of retribution; and, in which,
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the honours of God, in his law and justice, shall be revealed in presence of men and angels. On these most solemn and interesting subjects the scriptures give us the highest instruction; they make a considerable part of their ample page. Verily there is a God that judgeth the earth. Psm. lviii. 11. We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. 2 Cor. v. 10. The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand and seek God. They are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one. Psm. xiv. Every idle word that man shall speak, he shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. Matt. xxxvi. The dead, small and great, shall stand before God; the sea, death and hell, shall deliver up their dead to be judged, every man according to his works. Rev. xx. This description of the state of man, and of future retribution, is consonant to sound reason; a conviction of which must exist in every conscious breast. How dreary then the prospect of human nature! On the rapid stream of time, esteeming the precious moments of existence as the most trifling commodity, though more valuable than choicest

choicest treasures,—employed in gratifying the carnal, earthly, and sensual appetites of the soul;—trampling upon the authority of God, transgressing his law, and bidding defiance to his almighty judgment! Every moment brings the sinner nearer to his final end; the strong current of time hastening him to death, who shall whirl the soul down the awful precipice from whence he can only rise to stand before the judge of all, and receive his final doom. Lord what is man! passing on the impetuous torrent of time to a future state, from whence he shall not return!

Die man, or justice must; unless for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.

MILTON.

IV. It is therefore with the highest pleasure we reflect on time as the space in which the purposes of God are unfolded in Jesus Christ, as willing and mighty to redeem lost sinners as they were low sunk in wretchedness and ruin. This most blessed Saviour was promised immediately after the transgression of our first parents in Paradise, and revealed as the seed of the woman who was to bruise the serpent's head. Gen. iii. 15. He was afterwards recognized by successive prophets, in successive ages; and
Daniel

Daniel ushered in the precise time in which the Messiah was to appear. Chap. ix. Paul, well conversant with the Hebrew prophecies, informs, that *when the fulness of time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons.* Gal. iv. 4, 5. Jesus, Messiah, the Son of God, appeared, spent thirty years in private life, according to the Hebrew law, and began his public ministry: this being accomplished, he goes up to Jerusalem voluntarily, to suffer and to die. In view of the cross he cries, "*Father, the hour is come, glorify thy Son that thy Son may also glorify thee.*" John xvii. 1. The memorable point of time is arrived, in which all the series of prophecy and sacrifice are accomplished. He finishes the transgression, makes an end of sins, makes reconciliation for iniquity, brings in everlasting righteousness, and seals up the vision and prophecy. Daniel ix. 24. The paschal Lamb is now slain; the law is magnified and made honourable both in precept and in penalty; the powers of darkness are overcome and bound in more than adamant chains; death is disarmed of his dreadful sting, and the gates of immortal life wide unfolded to every pious mind! Then, my soul, admire this blessed gospel day—

—Survey

——Survey the wond'rous cure,
 And at each step let higher wonder rise.
 Pardon for infinite offences! A pardon
 Through means that speak its value infinite!
 A pardon bought with blood! With blood divine!
 With blood divine of him I made my foe!
 Persisted to provoke! Though woo'd and aw'd,
 Blest and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still!
 Nor I alone! A rebel universe!
 My species up in arms! Not one exempt!
 Yet for the foulest of the foul he dies.

YOUNG.

V. As there is a time for a man's natural birth, so there is also a period for his spiritual birth; *except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God*; and by which, in time, the soul is habitually prepared for an eternal state. By their fruits ye shall know them. Man possessed of carnal appetites and desires, never can be happy in the enjoyment of spiritual, holy, and heavenly realities; there is, therefore, a moral necessity for his being born again in time; and, by which, his soul is brought to taste, feel, and enjoy those sacred blessings unknown, if not despised by him before. *Time*, the precious gift of God, he views with new eyes; redeems what is lost, and improves the present to the noble purposes of glorifying God, and promoting the benefits of his fellow mortals.

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What time he is afraid, he trusteth in the Lord.
 Psm. lvi. 3. *In the time of trouble, God hideth him in his pavilion, covereth him in his secret tabernacle, and setteth him upon a rock.* Psm. xxvii. 5. His highest privilege is to walk in the light of God's countenance, and in his name to rejoice all the day. Psm. lxxxix. 15, &c. One peculiarity is worthy our remark: every man, by natural birth, is born to die; but he that is born of the Spirit, and believeth in Christ, *shall never die eternally*; and with this most comfortable persuasion, *he passes the time of his sojourning here*, in prospect of an eternal state of blessedness with God beyond the vale of death. John xi. 25, 26.

God of all worlds! Source and supreme of things!
 From whom all life, from whom duration springs!
 Intense, O! let me for thy glory burn,
 Nor fruitless view my days and months return.
 Give me with wonder at thy works to glow,
 To grasp thy vision, and thy truths to know:
 O'er time's tempestuous sea to reach thy shore,
 And live, and sing, where TIME shall be no more.

THE MISER.

MR. OSTERVOLD, a well known banker, died in France, 1790. This man, originally of Neufchatel, felt the violence of the disease of avarice so strongly, that within a few days of his death, no importunities could induce him to buy a few pounds of meat for the purpose of making him a little soup. "'Tis true," said he, "I should not dislike the soup, but I have no appetite for the meat, what then is to become of that?" At the time he refused this nourishment, for fear of being obliged to give away two or three pounds of meat, there was tied round his neck a filken bag, which contained eight hundred assignats of one thousand livres each. At his outset in life, he drank a pint of beer, which served him for supper, at a house much frequented, from which he carried home all the bottle-corks he could come at. Of these, in the course of eight years, he had collected as many as sold for twelve louis-d'ors, a sum that laid the foundation of his future fortune, the superstructure of which was rapidly raised by his uncommon success of stock-jobbing. He died possessed of three millions of livres; that is, one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds sterling!

How pernicious is avarice! while it denies a
B friendly

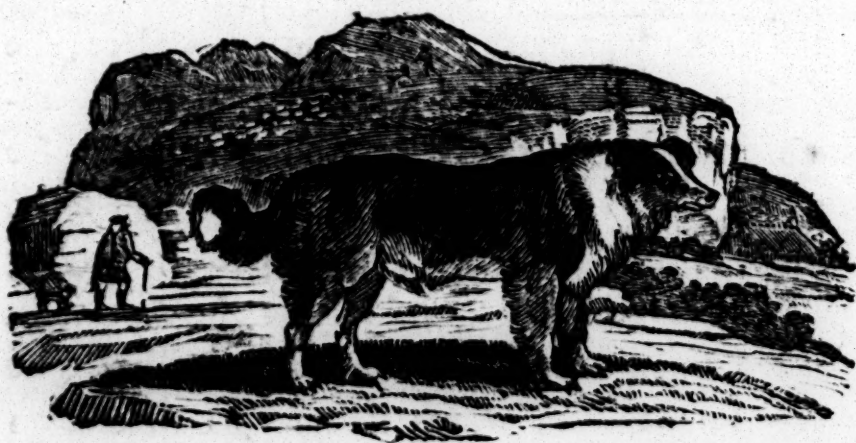
friendly hand to wipe away the tear of grief that falls from a fellow mortal's eye: it is as a vulture upon the miser's own breast; and however such may plead the *christian name*, he proves himself a stranger to its benevolent *nature*. A spirit of avarice is so inhuman, so contrary to the well-being of society, and so despicable in itself, that no christian virtue can dwell in that breast in which it reigns. It expresses the highest ingratitude to God for the vouchsafement of his favours, and withdraws from that love of our neighbour which should characterize our species; so that the miser may be said to disdain all obligation both to God and man; and I may add, he is unworthy of both. That benevolence yields its own most pleasurable reward, no man will dispute; that avarice, too, is frequently the miser's executioner, abundant testimonies occur; among which, I shall, for the further entertainment of our readers, recite the following authenticated narrative.

Monsieur Foscue, one of the farmers general of the province of Languedoc, in France, who had amassed considerable wealth by grinding the faces of the poor within his province, and every other mean, however low, base, or cruel, by which he rendered himself universally hated, was one day ordered by the government to raise a
considerable

considerable sum; upon which, as an excuse for not complying with the demand, he pleaded extreme poverty; but fearing least some of the inhabitants of Languedoc should give information to the contrary, and his house should be searched, he resolved on hiding his treasure in such a manner as to escape the most strict examination. He dug a cave in his wine-cellar, which he made so large and deep that he used to go down to it with a ladder: at the entrance was a door with a spring-lock upon it, which, on shutting, would fasten of itself. Very lately Monsieur Foscue was missing; diligent search was made after him in every place; the ponds were drawn, and every method which human imagination could suggest, was taken for finding him, but in vain. In a short time after, his house was sold, and the purchaser beginning either to rebuild it or to make some alteration in it, the workmen discovered a door in the cellar, with a key in the lock; which being opened, and on going down, they found Monsieur Foscue lying dead upon the ground, with a candlestick near him, but no candle in it, which he had eaten; and on searching farther, they found the vast wealth which he had amassed. It is supposed that when Monsieur Foscue went into his cave, the door by some accident shut after him; and being out of the call
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of any person, he perished for want of food. He had gnawed the flesh of both his arms. Thus awfully did this miser die amidst his treasures, denying his wealth for the benefit of society; he was constrained to make his last meal upon his own body!--Few misers but what, some how or other, *trap* themselves.

NATURAL HISTORY.



THE DOG.

THIS class of animals may be principally distinguished by their claws, which have no sheath, like those of the cat kind; by their having six cutting-teeth, and two canine in each jaw: also by their having five toes before, and four behind. But, though

though this is invariable in the wild species, such as the wolf, &c. the common dogs have frequently five toes on each foot. The tail of those of the dog kind bends towards the left, a character common to the whole species, and first discovered by Linnæus.

Of all animals the dog is the most susceptible of change in its form, its varieties being almost numberless: each will mix with the other, and produce varieties still more unlike the original stock. The climate, the food, and the education, make strong impressions upon this animal, and produce alterations in its shape, colour, hair, and size; and in every thing but its nature. All dogs are evidently of one kind; but which of them is the original, from whence such a variety of descendants have sprung, is not easily to be determined. Mr. Buffon makes the *chien de berger*, the shepherd's dog, to be the original, it being naturally the most sensible; and becomes, without discipline, almost instantly the guardian of the flocks, and keeps them within bounds.

The dog is the most intelligent of all known quadrupeds, and the acknowledged friend of mankind. At night the guard of the house is committed to his care, and he seems proud of the charge; he continues a watchful centinel, goes his rounds,

scents strangers at a distance, and warns them of his being upon duty. His voice is more readily obeyed by the flock and the herd, than even that of the shepherd or the husbandman. The dog is formed for the chase, and affords equal assistance to the sportsman: his scent is more exquisite than that of other animals in the pursuit of game, and can distinguish his master from among a thousand.

Some of the varieties of the dog, are, the shepherd's dog, the hound, the spaniel, the grey-hound, the mastiff, the bull-dog, the terrier, the blood-hound, the tumbler, the lap-dog, lion-dog, &c. &c.

The heathen consecrated the dog to Mercury, as the most vigilant and crafty of the gods; because watchfulness and sagacity are the properties of that animal. The Japanese give the following names to the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and the twelve hours of the day. The first they call the rat, second the cow, third the tyger, fourth the hare, fifth the dragon, sixth the serpent, seventh the horse, eighth the sheep, ninth the ape, tenth the cock, eleventh the dog, and twelfth the boar. The emperor who was upon the throne when Kämpfer was in Japan, was born under the eleventh sign, or the *dog*; consequently he had a great fondness for that animal. According to an edict published by that prince, all the dogs that died within his dominions

minions were to be carried to the top of a mountain, there to be buried with great pomp. A poor man, who was carrying his dog to the appointed spot, finding the dead carcase heavy, and the way long, began to murmur against the orders of his sovereign, upon which a neighbour, who accompanied him, observed with much propriety, that instead of complaining, he ought, on the contrary, to thank the gods, who, in their wisdom, had decreed that the emperor should not be born under the sign of the *horse*; "for," said he, "a horse would have been a much more disagreeable burden than a *dog*."

I will here take leave to introduce to our readers the practice of the Guebres of Persia, to those who are in the act of expiring in death; the attendants raise the poor man, and a near relation presents a dog to his mouth, on a supposition that the breath, or soul, will be communicated to that animal, and be happy. No less extraordinary is the practice of this people towards the body after death. This is laid decently upon the ground, under the walls of the intended sepulchre, while one of the relations goes round the village to try if he can allure a dog to follow him. He does all he can to bring the animal as near as possible to the corpse, for they imagine that the nearer the dog comes, the nearer

nearer the departed soul is to everlasting happiness. But if the dog cannot be tempted to approach it, then it is considered as a bad omen, and they almost despair of his felicity. When the dog has performed the task assigned him, two priests, standing about ten yards distant from the body, repeat a form of prayer half an hour in length. During the whole of this ceremony, the corpse has a piece of paper fixed to each ear, and hangs over the face about three inches below the chin. As soon as the prayers are over, the corpse is carried to the place allotted for its reception, and all the company follow it, two and two, with their hands devoutly closed. They are enjoined not to speak a word, because they believe their sepulchre is a place of silence and repose.

While we lament the general ignorance of the Guebres, we perceive that they had a strong conviction that the soul survived the death of the body; and that, in its separate state, it was capable of happiness or misery. How inexcusable, therefore, are those of our clime who pretend to greater degrees of rationality and refinement, and yet presume, at least to profess, that the soul either sleeps with the body in the grave, or is entirely annihilated? Thankful ought we to be for the volume of revelation which describes the nature, qualities, and
immortality

immortality of the soul, and opens to us, in the most rational, sublime, and God-honouring scenes; what awaits us beyond the vale of death; and points us, at the same time, to an all-sufficient Saviour, who is *the way, the truth, and the life*.

The scripture, for the purpose of conveying instruction to our minds, and of designating some particular characters, has named the *dog*, the animal now under consideration.

A dog, a dead dog, a dog's head, were frequently named to express an insignificant and vile person. Elisha, the prophet, being inspired by God to foresee the future evil conduct of Hazael, thus addressed him—*I know the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Israel: their strong holds wilt thou set on fire, and their young men wilt thou slay with the sword, and wilt dash their children, and rip up their women with child*. Hazael replied—*What, is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?* 2 Kings viii. 12, 13. But however this wicked man professed an abhorrence to such atrocious actions, yet it is certain that the wretched *dog did cut Israel short, and smote them in all their coast*. x. 32.

As in the days of Isaiah, so in every age, there are false teachers, wicked persons, not called of God, that intrude themselves upon the people,
who

who are justly said to be *blind, ignorant, dumb dogs; that cannot bark*; therefore, not fit to give an alarm in time of danger, nor give faithful instruction to others;—they are *sleeping dogs, lying down, loving to slumber*; and so quite unfit to watch the gates of Zion;—*greedy dogs, that can never have enough*, they love the fleece better than the flock, constantly preying upon rich and poor without filling their own belly. Isa. lvi. 10, 11. Such persons, let them be found among whatever religious denominations they may, must prove a curse instead of a blessing.

Satan, the devil, is called a *dog*; a fierce blood-hound, seeking the destruction of the souls of men; and who combatted Christ in the wilderness, and upon the cross, but foiled and made prisoner in chains. Psm. xxii. 20. I may now call Satan the *shepherd's dog*: Christ, the chief shepherd of Israel, making use of him as a shepherd doth his dog, to keep his flock together, and making all his howlings and barkings, his vile efforts, subservient to his pleasure, and the highest interest of his chosen flock.

To gratify our young readers, in particular, I shall close this piece of natural history, by reciting some well authenticated anecdotes of the sagacity and faithfulness of the dog.

Of the following incident Plutarch affirms that
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he, himself, was an eye-witness. Being once on ship-board, he observed a jar which was about half filled with oil. A dog was very desirous of paying his addresses to the contents, but the oil was too low in the containing vessel for him to get at it. The seamen were all engaged different ways; and the dog, willing to make the most of the favourable opportunity, took up, successively, a number of stones which were stowed in that part of the ship, and dropping them, one by one, into the jar, the oil at last rose within his reach, and he lapped as much of it as he pleased. "*I was astonished,*" says Plutarch, "*by what means the dog could sagaciously know, that the immission of heavier substances would cause the lighter substance to ascend.*"

A servant of Sir Henry Lee had formed a design of assassinating his master, and robbing the house. That very night, a mastiff dog, which had never been much noticed by Sir Henry, for the first time followed him up stairs, got under the bed, and could not be got from thence, by either master or man. In the dead of night the same servant entered the room to execute his horrid design, but was instantly seized by the dog; and being secured, confessed his intention. In memory of this preservation, Sir Henry Lee engaged John-

ston,

ston, the celebrated painter, who drew a portrait of Sir Henry, with the mastiff by his side; and in one corner of the picture, are ten laconic lines, concluding thus—

“But in my dog, whereof I made no store,
“I find more love than those I trusted more.”

The dead body of a Roman soldier, who had been killed in a domestic tumult, was carefully watched and guarded by his dog; who would not permit any person to touch the remains of his departed master. PYRRHUS, the king, passing by that way, took notice of so striking a spectacle, and inquired into the circumstances of the case. On being informed that the man had been slain three days before, and that the dog, in all that time, had neither stirred from the body, nor taken any food, the king ordered the body to be buried, and the dog to be brought to him. The creature soon grew fond of Pyrrhus, who, shortly after, ordering his forces to muster, the soldiers passed before him in review. During this ceremony, the dog, for some time, lay quiet at his feet; till seeing those soldiers march by who had murdered his late master, he sprung at them with such rage and fierceness, and turned himself to Pyrrhus with such meaning in his looks and gestures, that the men were sent to prison, on suspicion of having committed

mitted the crime with which the dog seemed to charge them. Being strictly examined, they confessed themselves guilty, and were accordingly executed.

SNOW.

He gives the winter's snow her airy birth,
And bids her virgin fleeces clothe the earth.

SANDYS.

AMONG the phænomena of winter, no one is more worthy of discussion than that of snow, which is confessedly one of the most curious productions of nature; and, from the remotest ages of antiquity, has excited the admiration of philosophers and poets. We shall, therefore, offer our readers a few philosophical remarks upon the subject, and then advert to the scriptures, which not only corroborate the dictate of sound philosophy, but, under the emblem of snow, afford us lessons of spiritual instruction.

Snow is formed by the freezing of the vapours in the atmosphere. It differs from hail and hoarfrost in being, as it were, crystallized, which they are not. This appears, on examination of a flake of snow by a magnifying glass; when the whole of

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it will appear to be composed of fine shining spicula, diverging like rays from a centre. As the flakes fall down through the atmosphere, they are continually joined by more of these radiated spicula, and thus increase in bulk, like the drops of rain or hail-stones. Dr. Grew observes, that many parts of snow are of a regular figure, for the most part so many little rowels, or stars of six points, and are as perfect and transparent ice as any we see on a pond. Upon each of these points are other collateral points, set at the same angles as the main points themselves; among which there are divers other irregular, which are chiefly broken points, and fragments of the regular ones. Others also, by various winds, seem to have been thawed, and froze again into irregular clusters, so that it seems as if the whole body of snow were an infinite mass of icicles irregularly figured; that is, a cloud of vapours being gathered into drops, the said drops forthwith descend; upon which descent, meeting with a freezing air as they pass through a colder region, each drop is immediately frozen into an icicle, shooting itself forth into several points; but these still continuing their descent, and meeting with some intermitting gales of warmer air, or in their continual wastage to and fro touching upon each other; some of them are a little thawed, blunted,

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ed, and again froze into clusters, or entangled so as to fall down in what we call flakes: The lightness of snow, although it is firm ice, is owing to the excess of its surface in comparison of the matter contained in it; as gold itself may be extended in surface till it will ride upon the least breath of air. From some late experiments on the quantity of water yielded by snow, it appears that the latter gives only about one tenth of its bulk. The peculiar agency of snow as a fertilizer in preference to rain, may, without recurring to nitrous salts supposed to be contained in it, be rationally ascribed to its furnishing a covering for the roots of vegetables, by which they are guarded from the influence of the atmospherical cold, and the internal heat of the earth is prevented from escaping. Whatever difference may arise upon this subject, every true philosopher will pronounce the phænomena of snow to be the production of the ALMIGHTY, under whose supreme controul every element is subservient to his infinite pleasure, and produces infinite benefits to mankind.

He from ærial treasures downward pours
Sheets of unsully'd snow in lucid show'rs;
Flake after flake, thro' air, thick-wav'ring flies,
'Till one vast shining waste, all nature lies.

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Then the proud hills a virgin whiteness shed,
 A dazzling brightness glitters from the mead;
 The hoary trees reflect a silver show,
 And groves beneath the lovely burden bow.

BROOME.

This subject is charmingly illucidated in the scriptures, and to which we will now repair. Contemplating the works of God, the writer of the book of Job declares—*God thundereth marvelously with his voice: great things doeth he, which we cannot comprehend: for he saith to the snow, be thou on the earth.* Job xxxvii. 6. Jehovah, in his expostulation with Job, inquires, *Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow; or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail?* xxxviii. 22. *He giveth, saith David, snow like wool: he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?* Psn. cxlvii. 16, 17. “At his command, he maketh the snow to fall apace. As birds flying he scattereth the snow, and the falling down thereof is as the lighting of grass-hoppers. The eye marveleth at the beauty of the whiteness thereof, and the heart is astonished at the raining of it.”

It is obvious that the productions of nature are employed by the Almighty, through the medium of the scripture, to instruct us in the unsearchable riches

riches of Jesus Christ, which are for the benefit of the subjects of his grace; who, I may say, constitute a spiritual world in animal life. It is worthy of remark, that all natural productions named in the scriptures, are such with which men are generally conversant, and of which the most feeble mind can form some agreeable ideas. The blessings of grace, however rich and abundant, are incomprehensible by the eye of depraved reason:—*The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.* 1 Cor. ii. 14. Therefore, that mind which is illuminated by the rays of the SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, not only sees God in every animal, vegetable, and fossile production of nature, but grasps the whole as wonderfully designed by a wise and condescending God, to instruct us in the more sublime, satiating riches of his grace. Here, then, we may find a solution of the query which Broom, in terms so delicately, has proposed—

“Why hover snows and wanton in the air,

“Fall by degrees, and clothe the hoary year?”

To teach us the infinite understanding, and the immaculate holiness of Christ Jesus as the supreme judge, *in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom*

and knowledge. Col. ii. 3. How sublime the description of our Lord, and of the attending circumstances of final judgment, drawn by the spirit of inspiration, with the hand of the prophet Daniel, vii. 9, 10. *I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as SNOW, and the hair of his head like the pure wool: his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued, and came forth before him: thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him: the judgment was set, and the books were opened.* The same grand images were continued and multiplied by St. John, who was honoured with a sight of the Son of God, *whose head and hairs were white like wool, as white as SNOW, and whose eyes were as a flame of fire.* Rev. i. While the splendid magnificence of this description fills our imagination with the highest transports, may our hearts be equally impressed with solemn awe; that we, that writer, and the reader, each in their own persons, shall stand before *the judge of the whole earth*, when time, with them, shall be no more! May the judge, therefore, become our friend! for, O! wonderful goodness and unparallel mercy!—the judge himself hath died for criminals, and suffered

ferred upon the cross, the punishment of human crimes, to transmit them to a crown of bliss!

What production of nature is whiter than snow? And what a delightful idea do its phænomena convey of the efficacy of Christ's precious blood upon a sinner's heart! *Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.* Isaiah i. 18. As the new fallen snow covereth a polluted carcase, or a filthy dunghill, so, infinitely more so, the blood of the Lamb covereth the foulest crimes, and cleanseth from sins of the deepest dye: so pure and perfect in the eye of discerning justice, that neither spot, blemish, wrinkle, nor any such thing shall be found upon them. Eph. v. 27. David, the King of Israel, conscious that he was black with original corruption, and actual transgression, like the *leper* and the *unclean*, under the Mosaic law, plead, with earnestness, the sprinkling of atoning blood: *Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.* Psalm li. 7. And what heart but needs the same cleansing? Yet, alas! how few esteem a Saviour's blood!

The fleecy snow descends to aid our reflections on God's beneficent address to the prophet Isaiah, assuring

assuring him, under the beautiful emblem of *snow*, the salutary efficacy of *the word of his grace* upon the human soul. *As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth.* Isa. lv. 10, 11.

Does the snow fertilize the earth and promote the vegetation of plants? Infinitely more efficacious is the word of Christ upon the heart of man, which falls with gentle influence, producing the fruits of righteousness which are through Jesus Christ to the glory of God, and the infinite advantage of mankind.

We cannot close this paper without reminding the thoughtless sinner, that, as *drought and heat consume the snow-waters, so doth the grave those which have sinned.* Job xxiv. 19. While in the bloom of youth, the abundance of wealth, or in the career of honour, suddenly, as the heat dissolveth the snow, and its waters penetrate the earth without leaving a trace behind, so death removes the sinner to the grave; he mingles with the dust, and all his false hopes, riches, honours, name, are covered together from mortal sight, and await the judgment of the great God. Let us, therefore, be

wise

wife, reflect on the baneful consequences of sin, consider our latter end, and seek salvation and immortal glory in that most blessed Saviour, who shall preserve our souls when snow and hail shall cease to fall, and ruined nature sinks in years!

A VERY SOLEMN OCCURRENCE!

Transcribed from The STAR, printed in London.

THE Rev. Caleb Evans, D. D. president of the seminary at Bristol for the education of young ministers, was called to visit a family that belonged to his congregation, and saw a young lady sitting in an easy chair, who came to the *hot wells* for the benefit of her health, and boarded with them. Observing her unusually pensive, the Doctor took the liberty to inquire the reason. She answered—“Sir, I will think no more of it, it is only a dream; and I will not be so childish as to be alarmed at a dream: but Sir,” said she, “I will tell you my dream, and then I will think no more of it.” She then repeated as follows:—

“Last night I dreamed I was at the ball where I intend to go to night: soon after I was in the room, I was taken very ill, and they gave me a smelling bottle; and then I was brought home into this.

this room, and I was put into *that* chair, (pointing to an elbow chair) fainted, and died. I then thought I was carried to a place where were angels and holy people singing hymns and praises to God; that I found myself very unhappy, and desired to go from them. My conductor said, if I did, I should *never* come there again: with that, he violently whirled me *out*, and I fell down! down! down! through darkness, and thunderings, and sulphur, into flames; and when the flames began to scorch me, I was alarmed with hideous cries, *and awaked.*"

Dr. Evans made some serious remarks on the dream, and desired the young lady not to go to the ball that night. She said she would, for she was more of a woman than to mind dreams. She went to the ball—was taken ill—a smelling-bottle was given her, according to her dream—she was brought home, put into the chair above-mentioned—fainted—died!

The well known respectability of Dr. Evans, and his disposition in not receiving the fallies of fancy for realities, much less giving credit to the many imaginary stories which float about the world under the denomination of religious: these were sufficient inducements to the EDITOR to give the above narrative a place in this publication as truly authentic.

authentic. He makes no comment; he leaves it with his readers, and adds his affectionate wish, that the perusal of it may be attended with solemn reflection by the young and the gay; by which they may learn, that a character formed in this life, virtuous or vicious, will not fail to terminate the career of mortals, and introduce them to pleasures or to pains.

A TROPHY OF GRACE, OR THE THIEF SAVED UPON THE CROSS.

IT is generally observed that the greatest usefulness of men is confined to the meridian of their life, but this will by no means apply to the Son of God while on our earth: for, although his whole life was spent in teaching the ignorant, and in performing the most astonishing miracles for the benefit of mankind, yet, his greatest acts of mercy, and his most valuable miracles, were reserved for the last. Among these is the conversion of the thief who was crucified with him upon Calvary. As this is the subject for our present reflections, we will examine the state of this poor man while in the pursuit of sin; the marks of Christ's interposing grace while the thief was upon the cross in the very agonies

nies of death; then draw some useful lessons from the affecting scene.

I. Examine the case of this poor man. St. Matthew and Mark inform us that he and his companions were *thieves*; for which, they were condemned by the law of their country, to die upon the cross. What they had stolen, from whom, or how frequently they had transgressed, we are not informed; but of this we are certain, that they had not only injured their fellow creatures by depriving them of their property, exposing themselves to a shameful death, but that, by *sin*, they had robbed God of his honour and themselves of happiness, and exposed themselves to his displeasure. *Ye are cursed with a curse, for ye have robbed me, saith the Lord.* Mal. iii. 8, 9. The man who is the particular subject of our attention, could not be insensible of the horrid disgrace to which his crimes had exposed him; his soul must have been filled with horror, *for a wicked man is loathsome and cometh to shame.* Prov. xiii. 5. But, whatever may have been this man's consciousness at his trial, in the dungeon, or on his way to Calvary, we now behold him in the very grasp of death, with his unpardoned sins upon his head, and without the shadow of hope for reprieve. Every beating pulse, every groan, every drop of blood flowing from

from his body, brings him nearer to the awful gulph of death! One would imagine that this poor wretch had now no time to shoot malignant arrows to embitter another's woe; yet such was the enmity of his heart, that he forgets his own misery purposely to join with his fellow thief, and with the Jewish rabble, to revile the blessed Jesus as he hung in the midst upon the cross. Mat. xxvii. 44. Full proof this, that neither of these unfortunate men had been the followers of Jesus, nor had been previously instructed by him. Who but must drop a tear on beholding these two men in the guilt of their sins, in the agonies of death, despising and reviling the Saviour by whom alone they could be succoured, close their eyes in peace, and enter into bliss! *Lord what is man!* so dark as not to see his own danger, so callous as not to feel his own misery! What could have prevented both these thieves from hastening to the final judgment of the great God, to receive their sentence of eternal woe? What eye could have pitied, or what arm could have saved them? *That which is impossible with man is possible with God.* The compassionate Saviour turns his eyes upon one of those unhappy men; and while his bowels yearn, methinks the Lord of grace thus resolves: *I know the thoughts that I think towards you, thoughts*
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of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end. Jer. xxix. 11. HE that looked *Peter* into repentance, now penetrates the more callous heart of the suffering thief. HE that called *Lazarus* from a state of putrid death, is now resolved to restore the more nauseous soul of the malefactor while in the jaws of destruction! O, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!

II. Let us now mark the astonishing alteration that appeared in the thief, different from that of his fellow sufferer, evincing the power of Christ's interposing grace.

He reproves his fellow criminal. The impenitent malefactor railingly said unto Jesus, *If thou be Christ, save thyself and us.* Luke xxiii. 39. Language similar to that just before pronounced by the people and their rulers, deriding the Redeemer: *He saved others; let him save himself, if he be Christ, the chosen of God.* 35. And in which the soldiery united, *If thou be the king of the Jews, save thyself.* 37. To the insulting language of the hardened thief, this man gave a striking reproof. *Dost thou not fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?* 40. As if he had said, "Art thou not in the same state of ignominious

nomenious suffering and death, demanding a solemn awe of the great God! and, instead of reviling a fellow sufferer, shouldest thou not fear that Almighty Being, whose eye is upon you, and before whom, in a few moments, you must stand in judgment?" Such a reproof certainly indicated the feelings of his own heart, and that the fear of God had most solemnly fallen upon him. *The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom*; and this first fruit upon the lips of the malefactor, demonstrated the change of his heart; for, *out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh*.

How clear the consciousness of his guilt! *We, indeed, suffer justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds.* 41. His conscience, which, but a few minutes before, was so hardened as to forget its own misery purposely to revile the Saviour, is now quickened, and alive to review the transactions of his own life, and of that which had brought him to so wretched an end. The theft—the person injured—the time and place—the Providence of God, with its interposing circumstances, which led to a discovery of his iniquity—his violation of the laws of God, which declares, *Thou shalt not steal*, and his exposure to consequent punishment—these he justifies; and every particular of them form so many faithful witnesses in the court
of

of his own conscience, and by whose powerful testimony he passes sentence upon himself, and upon his fellow sufferer, as both receiving the baneful fruit of their sins, and *the due reward of their deeds.*

The comprehensive testimony which this self-condemned man bears to the character of Jesus Christ, is worthy our attention. *This man hath done nothing amiss.* 41. A testimony, as bold in its declaration as it was just in its nature. Not referring to any similarity of crime with himself, for of such Jesus was not charged; but, at once he justifies the character of Christ in his claim to *Messiahship*, that he was the *Son of God*; and by so doing he, of course, condemns the Jewish council in assigning Jesus to death. This testimony was not delivered only in the hearing of the reviling thief, but of the whole multitude, rulers, soldiers and rabble, while they were gazing at him, and ready to catch the accents which might fall from his lips, and which he particularly urges as an argument to silence the reflections of his wicked companion.

As he justified the character of Jesus, the Son of God, so he discovers the virtue of his faith, by addressing Christ as an object of prayer: *Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.* v. 41. Few words, but rich in import. More like a
disciple

disciple than a thief! He addresses Jesus as *Lord*; which, with the *title Pilate* put upon the cross, formed a double testimony of him as a KING, and whom the penitent transgressor believed was passing through suffering and death to his heavenly kingdom. His single request is, *Remember me!* Interested in the thoughts of Jesus, it would be enough for him, about to close his eyes in death, and hastening to the judgment of a righteous God. The mind of Christ is infinite; those whom he remembers in mercy shall never be forgotten, but completely saved and eternally glorified! Abandoned by earthly friends, as this poor man may have been; yet Jesus is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother; and perhaps the words of David were never more evident, than in the conversion of the malefactor: *He remembered us in our low estate, for his mercy endureth for ever.* Psal. cxxxvi. 23. How astonishing this man's faith!—he felt himself dying, yet talks of a kingdom in a future state;—strong faith indeed! that in a dying hour, and under this man's most miserable circumstances, could look through the cross to an immortal crown!

It is not improper for us, in reviewing this malefactor's case, to examine how far the new feelings of his heart may correspond with the scripture testimony of conversion. He was evidently con-

vinced of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, which are the fruit of the spirit. John xvi. 8. *In him, old things were passed away, and all things had become new.* Repentance, faith, adoration, and prayer, were deeply expressed by his lips. And what more was included in the conversion of John, Peter, or Paul? Here then, we see a young branch shooting, if I may so say, from the stem of the cross, richly laden with full ripe gospel fruit, every moment waiting to be transplanted to immortality!

It is with pleasure that we now mark the attention which Christ paid to the request of the penitent thief. Our Lord enters not into an inquiry of the circumstances of the *theft*, nor asks how often he had been guilty of such a crime; no, he deals with him according to Ezekiel xxxiii. 16. *None of his sins that he hath committed shall be mentioned unto him.* The Lord knew both his heart and his life. Time was short; death and eternity were near; therefore is the work cut short in righteousness; and Jesus said unto him, *Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.* How full, how inexpressibly gracious the reply! The penitent requested a *remembrance* only when Christ should come into his kingdom—but, *to-day*, says the Saviour, thou shalt be with me!

me! His wish was for a kingdom; and the Lord promises him a *paradise*! As the case of the suppliant was urgent, and he ready to close his eyes, our Lord granted him an adequate reply—*I say unto THEE*—not another; THOU, not thy companion; and to give him the strongest consolation, he confirmed it with his inviolable oath, *Verily*. The blessedness of this state of promised futurity was not only the profession of a *kingdom*, a *paradise*, but in being present with the Lord;—*thou shalt be with me*. Proof this, that the soul, on its immediate separation from the body, does not sleep in the grave, but is immediately transmitted to blessedness. He who was with the suffering Jesus upon Calvary, shall stand with him on Zion's hill;—he that was saved by Christ upon the cross, must accompany him to be glorified on the heavenly throne! *To be with the Lord* (1 Thess. iv. 17.) is a privilege so infinitely great, so transcendently glorious, that the soul who enjoys it is at once freed from every taint of impurity, and from every species of suffering!—Absorbed beneath the glories of the once slaughtered Lamb, *the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their father for ever and ever!*

The sacred historian mentions no reply as made by the pardoned thief to the promise of the Saviour.

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I presume he felt its heavenly power, and his heart enjoyed the sweets of pardon, fresh flowing with the Saviour's blood;—to him it was enough! His soul, thus fitted for its passage through the vale of death, reclines on the Saviour's breast, and waits the moment with eager joy! The Redeemer expires before;—the pardoned thief enjoys the solemn scene,—then, bows his head—and dies!

III. We purposed, in our introduction, to draw some useful lessons from this memorable instance of converting grace; but the limits assigned to the several pieces introduced in this publication, oblige us to reserve the conclusion upon the subject for our next number.

QUESTION.

A Constant reader of *The Christian's Pocket Library* begs leave to propose the following question for a solution in your next: **WHEN SHALL FAITH AND HOPE CEASE? 1 Cor. xiii. 13.**

Y. Z.





P O E T R Y.

THE BLESSINGS OF REDEMPTION.

COME, love divine, my heart inspire
With holy, bright, seraphic fire,
And tune again my tongue;
With sacred raptures swell my breast,
And let thy praises be express'd,
In some triumphant song.

Encourag'd by thy tender grace,
Reveal'd to Adam's guilty race,
Thy heav'nly gifts I claim;
In sin and darkness long I lay,
But now, rejoicing, hail the day,
And bless thy glorious name.

When I survey the wond'rous plan
Contriv'd to ransom captive man,
Thy wisdom I admire:
The matchless promise let me take,
Which grace, and truth, and mercy make,
And in the faith expire.

Jesus,

Jesus, the glory of his saints,
Regards the pray'rs and the complaints
Of those that love his name;
When wicked men and devils rise,
To burn the fav'rites of the skies,
They triumph in the flame.

Nor earth, nor hell, nor time, nor place,
Can force the happy sons of grace
From their almighty King;
His thunderbolts of wrath he throws
In righteous vengeance on their foes,
While they in safety sing.

Through life he is their constant guide,
They find him faithful, and confide
In him, when storms arise.
Death comes to them without a sting,
They drop their clay, and on the wing
Of love salute the skies.

These blessings from Redemption flow,
These blessings none but Christians know,
The chosen of the Lord:
Let me, great God, with them agree
In faith and duty; and in Thee
Find paradise restor'd.

JOSEPHUS.

A Gentleman

A Gentleman who was a great Lover of Music, but had delighted in what was loose and vain, upon his Conversion to God exchanged prophane for sacred Melody, upon which happy Revolution he composed the following Ode, which may very properly be entitled, the Viol new Strung.

I TUN'D my shell, and wak'd a tone ;
As swift as thought my fingers flew :
The luscious page obsequious grown,
As swift self open'd to my view.

Th' illumin'd eye beheld with pain,
Bacchus and *Cupid* made divine ;
Beheld, and with a brave disdain
Quick turn'd away from *Love* and *Wine*.

The blushing optic glanc'd around,
Near lay the *Christian Magazine* ;*
Fast clasp'd it lay, in iron bound,
The page unsoil'd, the margin clean.

I touch'd the book with trembling hands ;
The volume glad did open spring :
I look'd, and thus the text commands,
“ One of the songs of *Zion* sing.”

“ Lord,”

* The Bible.

"Lord," I began; my shell was mute,
My hand forgot its cunning too:
"Lord," I resum'd; it would not suit;
The theme was strange, the sonnet new.

With pious indignation vext,
No more the guilty strings I try:
Rebellious to the sacred text,
I snap'd the chords, and cast them by.

My viol now I string anew:
Help, Lord! with voice elate I cry;
The viol yields its tribute due;
The chords responsive harmony.

Long suffering God, who erst didst bear
The idle song, the wanton lyre,
O listen to my better air,
And tune my harp and heart strings high'r!

POLYHYMNIUS.





THE
CHRISTIAN'S
POCKET LIBRARY.

No. II.—VOL. I.

AN ESSAY ON JUSTIFICATION.

[By the Rev. William Rogers, D.D. Professor of English and Belles Letters in the University of Pennsylvania.]

In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory.

ISAIAH.

JUSTIFICATION is one of the most important articles of our holy religion, and demands our most solemn attention. Brevity and perspicuity being our aim in preparing this paper, we shall—
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plain the *term*—consider the *author*—the *objects* interested—the *blessings* resulting.

We are, I. To explain the term. Justification, spiritually or evangelically considered, is a complete acquittal from imputed and contracted guilt; a deliverance from the condemning power of sin; an act of free grace flowing from Jehovah's sovereign good will and pleasure. By many eminent divines this leading doctrine is considered as twofold—**ETERNAL** and **DECLARATIVE**. By the *former*, we understand that which existed in the divine mind from everlasting, respecting the chosen seed, united with Christ their head, "who hath saved us, according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus, before the world began." 2 Tim. i. 9. By the *latter*, viz. declarative justification, is designed *that* which, in time, takes place in or on the conscience of a believer, commonly styled *justification by or through faith*. It is upon *this* we now address you. To be *thus* fully absolved from all sin and guilt, by virtue of Christ's plenary satisfaction, and pronounced "heirs of eternal life," oh, how enlivening the thought! how animating the reflection! "Bless the Lord, O our souls, and all that is within us, bless his holy name."

We come, II. to consider the author of our justification. "It is God who justifieth." Rom. viii. 33.

A Triune

A Triune God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost. A truth this, when viewed in all its parts, calculated to excite not only within *us*, but amid the angelic choir the highest wonder, “which things the angels desire to look into.” 1 Pet. i. 12. “Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the Forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time his righteousness; that *he* might be just, and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus. Rom. x. 25, 26. “Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by HIM all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.” Acts xiii. 38, 39. “And such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the SPIRIT of our God.” 1 Cor. vi. 11. Many other pertinent texts might be quoted; but permit us, previous to our dismissal of this head, to mention, with all due conciseness, a few of the causes of our being thus *justified* or pronounced RIGHTEOUS. “The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them who have pleasure *therein*,” is of equal force now as when penned by Israel’s king. Thus supported, we will not be backward in asserting—

1st. That

1st. That *from* this main pillar, this Sublime Characteristic of gospel truth, *man's obedience to a law of works* is to be utterly excluded. Paul peremptorily says, "By the deeds of the law no flesh shall be justified in his sight." Rom. iii. 20. This *single* declaration, confirmed by repeated equal testimony, condemns at once every idea of justification by virtue of our own doings. Those who harbour a sentiment so opposed to Jehovah's revealed will, vainly imagine, consistent with themselves, to bring the supreme governor of universal nature under obligation to do *them* good. But, beloved, *we* have not so learned Christ, *we* do not wish to rob the blessed Redeemer of the brightest jewel in his mediatorial crown, *we* do not intend thus basely to detract from that glory which peculiarly belongs to the sacred *Three-One*. "For there is not a just man upon earth who doeth good and sinneth not." Ecc. vii. 20. "But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." Isa. lxiv. 6.

2dly. What is by too many denominated *compliance with gospel terms*, we do not admit as having any claim. The gospel of our salvation is unconditional; it knows no *terms* on our part as leading to a justifying righteousness. *Faith* and *repentance* are graces bestowed by the Spirit of God; they are blessings flowing from that covenant which

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is ordered in all things, and sure. In fine, regeneration of soul, sanctification of heart, sincerity of disposition, holiness of life, persevering fidelity, un-deviating acquiescence in Jehovah's government, steady zeal for Immanuel's interest, all our own pious frames of mind, comfortable feelings and approving testimonies of conscience are, with respect to this all-essential doctrine, to be kept *totally* out of view. To what, then, is our justification to be ascribed?

We reply, 1st. To the mere grace or favour of God as the *moving* cause, "being justified freely by his grace." Rom. iii. 24. "But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared; not by works of righteousness, which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us." Titus iii. 4, 5. *That*, which never could have been found out by men or angels, the wisdom of Jehovah contrived, and his love hath made known. *This* is the original source. Here is the fountain from whence all springs.

2dly. To the life and passion of Jesus as the *pro-curing* cause. "But God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then being now *justified by his blood*, we shall be saved from wrath through him." Rom. v. 8, 9. He fulfilled every precept,

he bore the whole penalty of the law in the room and stead of his people: thus was the law magnified and rendered honourable, an end made of sin and everlasting righteousness brought in; "and this is his name whereby he shall be called, **THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.**" Jeremiah xxiii. 6. Oh glorious name! predicted long before his incarnation—Unto whom should we go but unto our once bleeding but now risen Saviour for acceptance?—For us he drank the bitter cup—Let us not substitute any thing in the place of his noble sacrifice—It is *now* a righteous thing with God, freely to *justify* and abundantly to *pardon*. "In the **LORD** shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory." Isaiah xlv. 25. The robe of Christ's righteousness is a garment down to the foot, where-with every member of the mystical body is amply covered; "for he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God, in him." 2 Cor. v. 21. "Such an high priest became us who is holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners." Heb. vii. 26. Should any put the question—How doth Christ's righteousness, thus consisting of the holiness of his nature, his active and passive obedience, become our's in such wise that we also are necessarily deemed **RIGHTEOUS**?

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We readily answer—By IMPUTATION; by making it over unto us; reckoning it our's, or placing it to our account, being wrought out by our elder brother on behalf of the whole ransomed flock. “David describeth the blessedness of the man, unto whom God *imputeth* righteousness without “works.” Rom. iv. 6.—Pursuant, therefore, to the unalterable purpose of heaven, agreeable to the œconomy of man's redemption, this righteousness of the precious Jesus, whereof so many glorious things are spoken, is as much our's as though wrought out by ourselves in our own proper persons. Rom. v. 18, 19. Phil. iii. 8, 9. Thus clothed upon with raiment of needle-work—Thus united with the HEAD, how can the members be viewed by God the judge of all but as perfectly and completely justified? “And ye are complete in him, who is the head of all principality and power.” Col. ii. 10.

3dly. Our justification is by some ascribed to *faith* as an *instrumental* cause. Strictly speaking, we apprehend *faith* as no cause at all in this momentuous procedure, but rather as an effect. It is true, the scriptures frequently mention a *justification by faith*—By such expressions it is evident the *object*, and not the *act* of faith, is designed: the object of faith is Christ and his righteousness: this
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the believing soul holds fast. Faith is the eye which discovers, the hand which receives; espying a Saviour's worth, charmed with his merit, the believer is so enraptured as to cast away all his heavy burden, falls at Messiah's feet, confides in the promise, and pleads atoning blood, "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness." Rom. x. 10. It is beautifully observed by one of our very first and most orthodox writers: "The reason why any are justified is not because they have faith—But the reason why they have faith is because they are justified." If justified by faith as a work performed by us, or as a grace wrought without us, where would have been the necessity of the death and resurrection of Jesus? Faith is that precious grace by which we do, in a certain manner, put on the righteousness of the Lord's anointed, and receive the greatest of all blessings from the God of our salvation. "It is a grace (faith one) which quarrels much with human pride, and makes its only boast of Sharon's rose; and never was meant to be our justifying righteousness in the sight of God, else it would learn to *boast*—Faith says, 'In the Lord have I righteousness,' and tells a sinner, 'I cannot save thee,' thou art saved by grace *through* faith." The grace of Jesus, and that alone, brings salvation; and the sinner, *through faith*, as an instrument put in his hand, is enabled

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to reach the rich donation; just as a beggar, by his *empty* cap stretched forth, receives an alms. We proceed,

III. To describe the objects interested. In the Examination of this particular, what abundant reason have we to adopt the prophetic language, "to the law and to the testimony? If they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Isaiah viii. 20. The persons justified through rich and sovereign grace are in the living oracles declared to be "ungodly," Rom. iv. 5. also "sinners." Gal. ii. 17. Was it not for declarations like these, where would be our comfort? We are all *sinners*, we are all *ungodly*; does it from hence follow, that *all* who are sinners, *all* who are ungodly, are without exception justified? By no means! the whole canon of scripture combine with the dictates of sound experience to render every such idea inadmissible. It is true, we read, "that by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life." Rom. v. 18. By a careful revision of what goes before and follows after, we shall find the apostle did not mean *all men* absolutely, but *all the chosen, all believers*; his epistle was directed to "all that be in Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints." Moreover, the *justified* are represented as a *peculiar* people, and have

have such characters ascribed to them as cannot, without the greatest inconsistency and abuse of language, be ascribed to all the progeny of fallen Adam. They are spoken of as those who are predestinated, redeemed, pardoned, effectually called, sanctified, regenerated, &c. That these things are not *true*, with respect to *all* the lapsed family, every *unprejudiced* mind must acknowledge. Upon the whole, those who are *unworthy* and *guilty* in themselves, but in the everlasting covenant *elected* and *beloved*, have that righteousness whereon their justification is founded, not only exhibited to them by the gospel, but brought nigh by the Holy Ghost, these are the "purchased possession," this is the "bride," the lamb's wife; between whom and the Lord Jesus, an union not only now exists, but hath existed, ancient as eternity itself, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore, with loving kindness have I drawn thee," Jer. xxxi. 3. a multitude which no man can number. The

IV. And last thing proposed for investigation, is the blessings resulting from justification.

Where shall we begin, and how shall we end? blessings great indeed croud in upon us! blessings beyond compare are consequential on our being thus freely justified! a doctrine pregnant with comfort inexpressible! a foundation is hereby laid not
simply

simply for fluctuating hope, but for the full assurance of present and future bliss. By virtue hereof, we experience—1. A freedom or deliverance from sin and condemnation. From *all* sin, as to its guilt, from its reigning power and dominion, and by and by from its in-being “the blood of Jesus Christ his son, cleanseth us from all sin.” 1 John i. 7. Heb. x. 12—14. Our sins are covered and hid from the all-penetrating eye of divine justice, and when sought for hereafter shall not be found; “there is, therefore, now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus.” Rom. viii. 1. Gal. iii. 13. When seriously reflecting on our happy rescue from the hands of satan, our accusing foe; also from death and the grave, as penal evils; but more especially from the pains of hell and the wrath to come; and all as the effect of love divine, what heart among us can remain cold and lifeless? what tongue can cease to praise?—2. As justified we enjoy peace with God. “Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.” Rom. v. 1. Connected herewith is real peace of mind. Oh happy souls! brought fully to behold a crucified Redeemer making peace by the blood of his cross, “the chastisement of our peace was upon him.” Isaiah liii. 5. Knowing this to be the case, well may we, “on the Dove-like

like wings of faith, fly, far away from the storms and tempests of an opposing conscience, and find in the *rock of ages* a quiet sanctuary and safe retreat."

—3. The acceptance of our persons and services is another blessing resulting herefrom. The Father is well pleased with *both* for the alone sake of Christ his Son, "to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved."

Eph. i. 6. Christ's garments smell of myrrh, aloes and cassia, wherewith his people being clad, the Lord smells a sweet favor in *them* also. A view of this emboldens us to draw near to the King of kings.

Heb. x. 19—22. The person, the blood, the righteousness, the mediation of Jesus, are the only foundation of *all* our *pleas* at the celestial throne.—4.

As justified we are blessed through life, shall be so at death, and through eternity. While on earth, we are expressly assured that "all things work together for our good:" when summoned to die, we need not fear the grim messenger. The property of temporal death, with respect to God's people, is greatly changed; it puts an end to all their sorrows, hath its sting taken away, and will prove to be our very great gain. In honour and triumph are such conveyed to the mansions above; and oh, with what joy are the everlasting doors expanded wide for their reception! Our bodies, though moulder-

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ing to dust, will nevertheless enjoy a glorious resurrection—our persons at the last day shall have an honourable distinction, and gracious approbation from the judge supreme. Never-ceasing felicity, consummate happiness, and perpetual glory will be our portion. “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them who love him.” 1 Cor. ii. 9. We shall then, O joyful period! live and reign with Christ for ever and ever, and our song will uninterruptedly be, “unto him who loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood; and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.”

DIALOGUE

Between a Father and his Son.

[Continued from page 33.]

PART II.

A Country Seat.

Father. **D**ISENGAGED from the business of the city, and enjoying the enlivening sweets of
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country

country air, what, my son, if we take a ride before our morning repast?

Son. With pleasure, Sir, I accept your invitation, and will immediately order our horses to the gate.

Father. How fine the dawn! how melodiously the bird, perched on yonder twig, salutes the sun who tops the mountains with his beams, and enlivens universal nature!

Son. Delightful indeed! Yet what reproof to man, the noblest part of the creation, and most backward to express his MAKER's praise!

Father. True, my son, the beauties and the law of nature unite and condemn the sin of man, and leave him without excuse.—*William*, your nag has caught the fragrance of the morn, and seems almost too sprightly for its rider.

Son. Yes, Sir, he is more brisk than common. It seems a sprightly steed and dejected rider illy suit together.

Father. My son, cheerfulness has been your constant companion, why now dejected?

Son. My heart is conscious of its guilt before the Lord. I little thought my offences were so great. The Bible not only informs me that my open sins are cognizable by the Almighty, but that the very words of my lips, and the secret thoughts of my heart,

heart, are exposed to his displeasure. All I can hope for is, that God will give me grace that I may exert my best endeavours to live more holy in my future life. I should be glad, Sir, if, at your leisure, you would write me a few rules by which I may walk more circumspectly, and, by that means, recommend myself to the Divine clemency.

Father. That your future life should be attended with the practice of the most brilliant virtues, and your soul enjoy the approving smiles of God, are the ardent wishes of your father's heart; but, my son, what think you will become of the guilt of those offences you have now confessed? Will future obedience compensate for past transgressions?

Son. What else can man return?

Father. If injured *Justice* would accept such return, has man therewith to offer? *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might,* Deut. vi. 5. is the requirement of God's most holy law, and to which a penalty is annexed. *The soul* that sinneth shall die. Now, if you can love the Lord without the shadow of variation, and abstain from the least appearance of evil, you might be somewhat more excuseable for your conjecture of an ability to make return for your offences. Such is the state of my heart, even in its best frame, that I cannot pray
without

without a wandering thought, nor attempt to love the Lord without lamenting extreme alloy; like Paul, *when I would do good, evil is present with me*. Suppose a holy life could be produced, will Justice accept it for past transgressions? You lately accompanied me to the *supreme court*, and heard the trial of a man criminated for a capital offence; you heard his protestations; but did the law accept his plea, or reverse the sentence? No, the judges told him they were the servants of the people, and the guardians of the law, which he had offended, and instantly pronounced upon him the solemn sentence of death. If such be the inflexibility of human law, can we suppose the holy, just, and good law of God capable of variation? As many as are under this law, and found sinners, are under its curse; for cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them.

Son. Then my case is yet more afflictive.

Father. Though you are *my* child, and I love you with the most tender affection; yet, your state as a sinner most deeply impresses my heart. And while I describe to you the wretched state of man, faithfulness and grief flow with my address.

Son. Sir, my feelings are indiscrivable. This
morning

morning all nature is gay around me, but my heart is filled with gloomy sorrow !

Father. My son, my tears mingle with your own. What a mercy is it that MERCY, the speediest messenger of God, hath found its way to man ! Jesus, the Son of God, hath engaged for sinners. That Law and Justice should unite in pronouncing pardon, Jesus assumed our *nature*, was charged with our *guilt*, obeyed the law, and magnified it in his life, and by shedding of his blood and bowing in death on the cross, he made the violated law honourable, and God became just in pardoning sinners. Here, my child, is your relief, and here is my consolation—A free, full, glorious salvation in the Son of God, who says by Isaiah, look unto me all ye ends of the earth, for I am God, and besides me there is no Saviour. It is the same Jesus that bestows this blood-bought pardon, that must give you eyes of faith to behold his glory, and an heart to enjoy his grace. Be not overwhelmed with grief; sinners Jesus came to save, and he hath said, *he that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.* Plead with him by prayer, depressed as you may be, and remember that he hath promised his Spirit to them that ask him,—who will help their infirmities,—testify of Christ,—apply the virtues of Christ,—

and give you boldness to call God your father in him.

Son. Sir, this is good to hear; but, at present I feel I know not how; I want a *something*, I know not what.

Father. See, this rising hill gives us a full prospect of the harbour's mouth. How finely those ships enter the *Hook*, their sails full, and their hearts elated with joy on approach of shore.

Son. Pleasant indeed, Sir. The lively morn seems to congratulate them to their desired *haven*.

Father. True. Perhaps a little while ago, they were surrounded with storm and tempest; the heavens appeared to cast their awful frowns, while the trembling sailors beheld Death riding upon every wave. Now they forget their sorrow, and all is gay! So, infinitely more so may you, my son, though at present surrounded with darkness, and filled with fear, find the way to the bosom of Jesus, and your heart shall then rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory! Let us pass through yonder gate, and we soon shall reach our home, be refreshed at a well-spread table, and then set out for York again.

[*To be continued.*]

The Life of the late Reverend and learned AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY, M. A. Vicar of Broad Hembury, in Devonshire, Great-Britain.

THIS eminent servant of Christ was born at Farnham, in Surrey, Nov. 4, 1740. His father, Richard Toplady, Esq; a captain in the army, died at the siege of *Carthagera* soon after the birth of his son. Augustus received the first part of his education at Westminster school; but it becoming necessary for his mother to make a journey to Ireland, to pursue some claims to an estate in that kingdom, he accompanied her thither, and was entered at *Trinity College* in Dublin, where he took his degree of *Bachelor in arts*. In August 1756, being in his 16th year, the Lord visited his soul with salvation under the ministry of Mr. Morris, while preaching from Eph. ii. 13. “Strange, says Mr. Toplady, that I, who had so long sat under the means of grace in England, should be brought nigh to God, in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst an handful of God’s people met together in a barn and under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his own name! Surely, it was the Lord’s doing, and is marvelous! The excellency of such power, must

must be of God, and cannot be of man. The regenerating spirit breathes not only *on whom*, but likewise *when, where, and as HE listeth.*"

Mr. Toplady enjoying the comforts of religion in his soul, God gave him a most ardent desire for the ministry of the gospel; and, as he abhorred the Popish tenet, that "Ignorance was the mother of devotion," so his wish, as well as his duty, was, to be *thoroughly furnished*; and to avoid the presumption of teaching the *ignorant and those that are out of the way*, without having the knowledge, as well as the grace, indispensibly necessary for that purpose, he pursued his studies with redoubled ardour, and directed them entirely for the honour of his Lord and the good of men. On June the 6th, 1762, Mr. Toplady received *episcopal ordination*, and some time after was inducted to the living of *Broad Hembury*, where he laboured in the gospel with success, and composed most of those writings which will render service to the church, and do honour to his memory; while truth and learning shall be esteemed valuable among men. He had no preferment in the church besides the vicarage of Broad Hembury, which, as his mind could never brook the idea of living ill with his parish on account of tythes, did not amount to 80*l.* a year. His own account of his engaging in the pastoral office, in his *Historic Proof*,

Proof, is too excellent to be omitted here. "I bless God," says he, "for enabling me to esteem the reproach of Christ greater treasure than all the applause of men, and all the preferments of the church. When I received Orders, *I obtained mercy to be faithful*, and from that moment gave up what is called the *world*, so far as I conceived it to interfere with faith and a good conscience.—I can never be sufficiently thankful, that my religious principles were all fixed long before I entered into orders. Through the good hand of my God upon me, I sat out in the ministry with clear gospel-light from the first; a blessing not vouchsafed to every one. Many an evangelical minister has found himself obliged to retract, and unsay what he had taught before in the days of his ignorance. Lord, how is it that I have been so signally favoured of Thee! O keep me to the end steadfast in thy truth! Let me but go on *experimentally* to know Thee, and then it will be absolutely impossible for me to depart from the precious doctrines of grace; my early insight into which I look upon as one of the distinguished blessings of my life."—"For my own part," says he in a letter to a friend, "I wish to live and die with the sword of the spirit in my hand, and, as Dr. Young expresses it, *never to put off my armour till I put on my shroud*."—Nor did he fail of his wish; he had, as it
were,

were, taken measure for his shroud before he lay down his pen, in defence of the pure doctrines of God's everlasting love, and his discriminating, all-glorious grace to men.

In September, 1773, on the introduction of the Rev. John Ryland, sen. of Northampton, Great-Britain, the college in *Rhode-Island* conferred on Mr. Toplady the degree of MASTER IN THE ARTS. In 1775, finding his bodily constitution much impaired by the moist atmosphere of Devonshire, with which it never agreed, he removed to London. Here, by the soliciation of his numerous friends, and from a desire to promote the welfare of Zion, he engaged the chapel belonging to the French Reformed, near Leicester Fields, where he continued in the exercise of his ministry as frequent as his health permitted, God owning his labours with the most pleasing success. By a slow consumption he, however, gradually drew to the period of his life. As his outward man wasted, his inward man was refreshed and renewed, day by day. Still, while life and breath remained, he must be either preaching or writing, to vindicate the honour of his Master, and propagate the glory of evangelic truth, for the comfort of the souls of men. To a friend, who expressed some concern for his own ease in his debilitated state, on his close applications,

applications, he thus replied, "God give us to sink deeper and deeper into his love, and to raise higher and higher into the image of his holiness! and thoroughly persuaded I am, that the more we are enabled to love and resemble Him, the more active we shall be to promote his glory, and to extend his cause with our lips, our pens, our lives, our all. Be this our business, and our bliss, on earth! In heaven we shall have nothing to do, but to *see him as he is*, to participate his glory, and to sing his praise, in delightful, in never-ending concert with angels, with saints who are got home before us, and with those of the elect, whom we knew and loved here below." The nearer he drew to the grave, the more abundantly did the consolation of God abound in him. He looked not only with composure, but delight on the tomb, and groaned earnestly to enter the mansions of the blessed. Dr. Young's beautiful expression, *one eye on death, and one full fixed on heaven*," was never more evident than in Mr. Toplady. While on his dying bed, he discovered a remarkable jealousy, for fear of receiving any part of that honour which is due to Christ alone. He desired to be nothing, and that Jesus might be all, and in all.

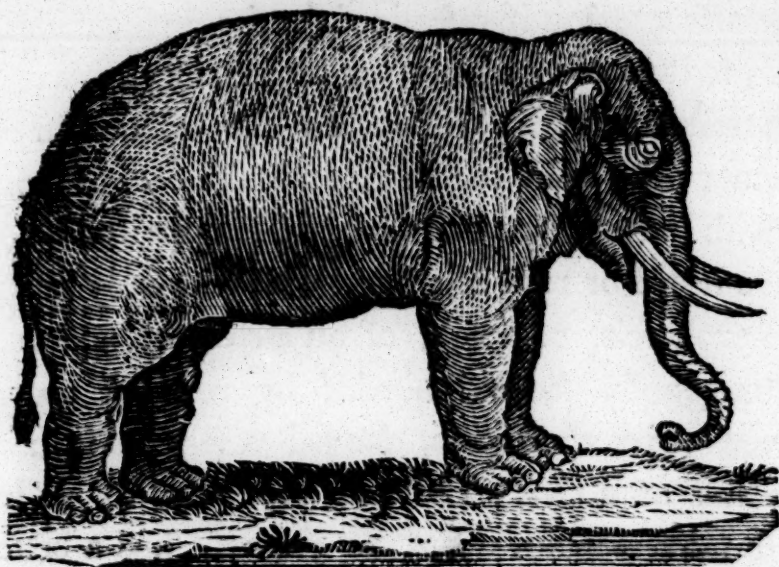
Notwithstanding Mr. Toplady was so highly favoured with the smiles of the Saviour, he had a proportionate

proportionate sensibility of his wretchedness as a sinner. "Oh!" said he, "that ever such a wretch as I should be tempted to think highly of himself! I that am, of myself, nothing but sin and weakness; I, in whose flesh naturally dwells no good thing; I who deserve damnation for the best work I ever performed! Lord Jesus, humble me to the dust, yea, to the very center of abasement, in *thy* presence. Root out and tear up this most poisonous, this most accursed weed, from the unworthiest heart that ever was! Keep me sensible of my *sin-ner-ship*. Sink me down, deeper and deeper, into penitence and self-abhorrence! Break the dagon of pride in pieces before the ark of thy merits! Demolish, by the breath of thy Spirit, the walls, the bables of self-righteousness and self-opinion;—level them with the trodden foil, grind them to powder, annihilate them for ever and ever!—Grace! grace! be all my experience, and all my cry."

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

NATURAL

NATURAL HISTORY.



THE ELEPHANT.

THE elephant is supposed to be the *largest* of any quadruped in the known world; and seems to be the *wisest* also. The observation is Cicero's: whose words (*De Nat. Deor.* 1.) are, "Elephanto belluarum nulla providentior. At figuræ quæ vastior?" All the *amiable*, and all the *furious* passions, are to be found in this animal: and its *docility* is wonderful; for, when properly tamed, he is capable of being instructed and disciplined into a vast variety of entertaining and useful qualifications.

Do him a material injury, and he'll act as if he had been tutor'd by the late Lord Chesterfield; i. e. if it be in his power, he will *immediately* revenge the affront; but if restrained for the present, either by motives of prudence, or by inability to wreak his resentment, he will *retain* the offence in his memory for years together, and take care to repay it with interest, the first favourable opportunity. I have heard or read of a boy, who wantonly struck the proboscis, or trunk, of an elephant; and then courageously secured himself by running away. Seven years afterwards, the lad was playing near the side of a river; and had, probably, forgot his past misdemeanor. But the elephant had a better memory; and, making up to the young delinquent, grasped him with his trunk, and very sedately carried the sprawling captive to the water; where he ducked him once or twice over head and ears, and then quietly setting him down again on terra firma, permitted him to walk off without further hurt.

It is said, that in those countries where elephants abound, such of them as are tame, go about the streets, like any other domestic animal; and, it is common for people to give them fruit as they pass. In time they commence absolute *beggars*, and will put in the extremity of their trunks at doors and windows, in hope of receiving the little benevolences

lences which custom has inured them to expect. After waiting a short while, if nothing is given them, they withdraw their trunks, and pass on to the next accessible house. It is related, that some taylor's were at work, on a board, within side of a window whose casement stood open. A passing elephant stooped, and put in his trunk. One of the men, instead of conferring a *douceur*, gave the animal's trunk a *scratch* with his needle. The injured party took no present notice of the provocation, but patiently walked away. He repaired to a neighbouring stream; and, having filled his capacious trunk with a large quantity of water, returned to the window, where he coolly avenged himself, by spouting the fluid artillery on the aggressor and his comrades, for their late breach of hospitality.—If we do not *relieve* the indigent, they at least have a right not to be *insulted*. And, very frequently, the meanest are able, sooner or later, to *retaliate*, with usury, the contempt they undeservedly receive.

Every beggar is not *honest*. Nor are all elephants actuated by a strict sense of moral delicacy. Their smell is very acute: and if a person has any fruit or cakes about him, they shew, by the quick and judicious application of their trunks to the proper part of his dress, that they are adepts in
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the art of *picking pockets*, with excellent dexterity.

Elephants, like men, have (if I may be allowed the expression) their *virtues* and their *vices*: though, to the honour of the former be it observed, the vices of an elephant bear but small proportion to his virtues. There have been instances of these creatures, who, in the first hurry of rage for ill-treatment, have killed their keepers. But their subsequent *remorse* has been so insupportably keen, that they have refused to take any sustenance, and literally starved themselves to death. A lesson to persons of *violent passions*, who, if hurried away by the impetuous torrent, either of excessive and unguarded *anger*, or of head-strong and irregular *desire*, are liable to the commission of irreparable evil, and may, in a single moment, lay the foundation of irremediable ruin. *He that HASTETH with his feet, sinneth.* O believer, if thou art by nature *hasty, vehement*, and easily *inflammable*, call in superior aid. He who, in the days of his flesh, rebuked the raging of the winds, and still'd the tossings of the sea, can, by the sweet compescing influence of his gracious SPIRIT, restrain thee within the bounds of holiness, and speak the storm into a perfect calm. I have read of an Heathen, who, when he found himself unduly fermented

mented by the kindlings of inward wrath, would never utter a single word, till he had first deliberately run over in his mind all the letters of the alphabet. I have read of a Christian, who, when endangered by similar temptation, would not suffer himself to speak a syllable, till he had silently repeated the Lord's Prayer. Go, and do thou likewise. Repeat that prayer to God, in the spirit of supplication: and thy victory over passion will be more than probable.

Elephants are singularly *grateful*, and have a very deep sense of *friendship*. They have been known to lay the death of a *brother elephant*, or of a *kind keeper*, so much to heart, as to pine away from that time forward. Even virtue, if strained beyond a certain pitch, degenerates into a fault. Nor is it right for us to love, with *too much ardour*, any perishable good. Dr. Owen somewhere remarks, that "strong affections make strong afflictions." Confine, therefore, your *absolute* regards to FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT; the Three glorious Friends, who never die, and whose loving-kindness is immortal as themselves!

In some countries, we are told, *elephants* supply the place of *executioners*. They are trained, at a given signal, to lay hold on the criminal with their trunks, by a strong suction, and either *dash* him

violently against the ground, or *to/s* him aloft in the air, till repeated contusions put a period to his life.—Mankind are very prone to value themselves on their supposed civilization; and yet, by artfully practising on the ferocity of inferior animals, they sometimes teach brutes themselves to be still more brutal.

Clumsey as elephants are, they may be taught to *dance*, both singly and in companies; and they move, on these occasions, with singular exactness and order. They are not insensible to the harmony of *music*; and, if properly inured, *keep time* with their feet, in a manner which discovers great powers of judgment. If I rightly remember, Bishop Burnet informs us, in his travels, that he saw an elephant *play at ball*, with all the ease and expertness of a man. But PLUTARCH, in his life of Pyrrhus, mentions a much nobler instance of elephantin *understanding* and *adroitness*; accompanied by such *magnanimous courage* and *fidelity*, as would have redounded to the honour of a Sertorius, or of an Alexander. When Pyrrhus stormed the town of Argos, a number of accoutered elephants (according to the custom of those times) formed a part of his military apparatus. One of these creatures, perceiving that his rider was fallen, invited him, by every effort in his power, to re-mount. But find-
ing,

ing, soon after, that he [viz. the rider] was dead of the wounds he had received, the animal, in a transport of grief and rage, rushed furiously on friends and foes, without distinction; and, taking up the body with his trunk, made good his retreat, and rescued the remains of his breathless master from further violation, by faithfully and heroically conveying them from the scene of action.

With all his magnitude and strength, an elephant (if not sour'd by unkind usage) may be rendered so passive and gentle, as to be led and governed by a child. Just representation of that amiable *meekness* and *humility*, wherewith christians of *exalted rank* condescend to men of *low estate*; and persons eminent for *superior grace*, or for *distinguished learning*, bear with the infirmities, and are courteous to the ignorance of the weak. It was in this spirit that the excellent Doctor WATTS descended from the regions of philosophy, and stooped from the heights of more elevated poetry, to compose his admirable *hymns for children*, and teach infant warblers to lisp the praises of the great THREE-ONE.

The method by which wild elephants are *taken*, deserves to be noticed. A narrow inclosure is made; one end of which is left open, for entrance; and, at the extremity of the other, several tame female

male elephants are placed. Between both (i. e. between the entrance and the extremity where the females are fixed) a large pit is dug, whose surface is lined with a slight bridge-work, so neatly turfed, that it has all the appearance of firm ground. Allured by the females, the male elephants make towards the place, but are suddenly intercepted by the unsuspected snare. Proper persons, who are stationed to watch the event, start from their concealments; and, with exulting shouts, mock the indignant distress of their unwieldy prisoners.—Striking picture of the *deceitfulness of sin*; the unthinking folly of *heedless minds*; and the *terrible effects* of successful temptation.

Elephants are tamed chiefly by *hunger* and by *blows*.—Providence hides pride from man, and bends his stubbornness to obedience, by graciously afflictive dispensations.

Elephants are said to be extremely *fond of pomp*, and to receive very pleasurable ideas from the exhibitions of splendour. Hence the natives of East-India, who hold the doctrine of Transmigration, imagine that these animals are animated by the souls of departed princes. For this reason they are treated (especially in the kingdom of *Siam*) with distinguished respect; and some of the handsomest are decorated with rich ornaments, and even dignified with

with titles of honour. An elephant of quality is known by the rings of gold, silver, or copper with which his tusks are adorned.—There is something very humiliating in the pride of human reason, in conduct so extravagantly absurd as this. Absolute good-nature is absolute folly. And yet, the fanciful surmise of the transmigration of souls from one body into another, is attended with peculiar felicities to the poor beasts who live in countries where that doctrine obtains. It is our duty to adopt the humanity of those heathens without its absurdities; and to be scrupulously tender of the life and happiness of every inferior animal entrusted to our care: knowing that the sovereign Providence, which has made them subservient to our wants, has given us no charter for the exercise of unnecessary cruelty or wonton tyranny.

A REMARKABLE DREAM OF THE LATE DR. DODDRIDGE.

THE doctor and Dr. Clarke had been conversing together one evening upon the nature of the separate state, and the probability that the scenes on the which the soul would enter upon its leaving the body, would bear some resemblance to those with which

which it had been conversant while on earth, that it might by degrees be prepared for the more sublime happiness of the heavenly world. This and other conversation of the same kind probably occasioned the following dream:—

The doctor imagined himself dangerously ill at a friend's house in London; and after laying in this state for some time, he thought his soul left the body, and took its flight in some kind of fine vehicle, which (though very different from the body it had just quitted) was still material. He pursued his course till he was at some distance from the city; when turning back, and reviewing the town, he could not forbear saying to himself, How trifling and how vain do these affairs, in which the inhabitants of this place are so eagerly employed, appear to me a separate spirit. At length, as he was continuing his progress, and though without any certain director, yet easy and happy in the thoughts of the universal providence and government of God, which extends alike to all states and worlds, he was met by one, who told him he was sent to conduct him to the place appointed for his abode; from whence he concluded that it could be no other than an angel, though, as I remember, he appeared under the form of an elderly man. They went accordingly on together, till they came within sight of

of a spacious building, which had the air of a palace. Upon inquiring what it was, his guide told him it was the place assigned for his residence at present; upon which the doctor observed, that he remembered to have read, while on earth, that "eye had not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart conceived, what God had laid up for his servants;" whereas he could easily have conceived an idea of such a building from others he had seen, though he acknowledged they were greatly inferior to this in elegance. The answer his guide made him was plainly suggested by the conversation of the evening: it was, that the scene first presented was contrived on purpose to bear a near resemblance to those he had been accustomed to on earth, that his mind might be more easily and gradually prepared for those glories that would open upon him hereafter, and which would at first have quite dazzled and overpowered him.

By this time they were come up to the palace; and his guide led him through a kind of saloon into an inner parlour. The first thing that struck him was a large golden cup that stood upon the table, on which was embossed the figure of a vine and clusters of grapes. He asked his guide the meaning of this; who told him, it was the cup in which his Saviour drank new wine with his disciples in his kingdom;

kingdom; and that the figures carved on it were intended to signify the union between Christ and his people, implying, that as the grapes derive all their beauty and flavour from the vine, so the saints, even in a state of glory, were indebted for the establishment and happiness of their union with their Head, in whom they are all complete. While they were thus conversing, he heard a tap at the door, and was informed by the angel, that it was the signal of his Lord's approach, and was intended to prepare him for the interview. Accordingly, in a short time, he thought our Saviour entered the room; and, upon his casting himself at his feet, he graciously raised him up, and with a look of inexpressible complacency, assured him of his favour, and his kind acceptance of his faithful services: and, as a token of his peculiar regard, and the intimate friendship he intended to honour him with, he took the cup, and, after drinking of it himself, gave it into his hands. The doctor would have declined it at first, as too great an honour; but his Lord replied, (as to Peter, in relation to washing his feet) "If thou drink not with me, thou hast no part in me." This scene, he observed, filled him with such a transport of gratitude, love, and admiration, that he was ready to sink under it. His Master seemed sensible of it, and told him he must leave him

him for the present, but it would not be long before he repeated his visit; and, in the mean time, he would find enough to employ his thoughts in reflecting on what had passed, and in contemplating the objects around him. As soon as his Lord was retired, and his mind a little composed, he observed the room was hung round with pictures; and, upon examining them more attentively, he discovered, to his great surprize, that they contained the history of his own life. The most remarkable scenes he had passed through being thus represented in the most lively manner, it may easily be imagined how much this would strike and affect his mind. The many temptations and trials he had been exposed to, and the signal instances of the divine goodness towards him in the different periods of his life, which by this means were all presented at once to his view, excited the strongest emotions of gratitude; especially when he reflected, that he was now out of the reach of any future distress, and that all the purposes of divine love and mercy towards him were at length happily accomplished. The ecstasy of joy and thankfulness into which these reflections threw him, were so great, that they awoke him. But for some considerable time after he arose, the impression continued so lively, that tears of joy flowed down his cheeks; and he said, that he never on any occasion

H

remembers

remembers to have felt sentiments of devotion, love, and gratitude, equally strong.

RESIGNATION.

ONE of the most remarkable instances of human resignation I ever remember to have met with, is to be found in the conduct of *Archbishop Fenelon*. When his illustrious and hopeful pupil, the *Duke of Burgundy*, lay dead in his coffin, and the nobles of his court, in all the pomp of silent sadness, stood weeping around, the *Archbishop* came into the apartment, and having fixed his eyes for some time on the *corpse*, uttered the sensibility of his soul to this effect:—"There lies my beloved prince, for whom my affections were equal to the tenderest regard of the tenderest parent. Nor were my affections lost; he loved me in return with all the ardor of a son. There he lies, and all my worldly happiness lies dead with him! But if the turning of a *straw* would call him back to life, I would not, for ten thousand worlds, be the turner of that straw, in opposition to the WILL of God." Blessed are they who, under such painful, bereaving providences, possess that charming, submissive grace; are still, and know that the Lord is God alone! Psalm xlv. 10.

POETRY.



P O E T R Y.

FELICITY ALONE IN CHRIST.

FLY from my thoughts, ye vanities of Time,
To nobler heights my ardent wishes climb;
Farewell each vain delight,—inferior bliss,
Which ne'er can boast of solid happiness.
To spheres above with restless haste I'd fly,
And view, by faith, my portion in the sky.
Ten thousand charms attract my warmest love,
Kindle a flame which heaven inspires above.
Refulgent glories now pervade my soul!
How blest the hours, and sweet the minutes roll!
Anguish and care, and every grief suppress'd,
Secure thus lodg'd within my Saviour's breast.
This brigher vision animates my hope,
Supports my soul, and bears my spirits up:
Thick darkness long had dwelt around my clay;
But Christ my sun hath rose to bless the day,
And with such charms as none but he imparts,
Binds the strong passions of my faithless heart.

Adieu

Adieu ye fading, fluctuating scenes,
 Which only pencil visionary dreams;
 Such false nam'd joys can ne'er my soul delight,
 The *morning star*! the bright celestial light
 Eclipses these in one eternal night. }
 If one kind smile enraptures all my frame,
 Sheds such a fragrance on thy sacred name,
 What heav'nly raptures soon shall seize my breast,
 When I shall soar to dwell among the blest!
 Ere long my soul shall quit this meaner clay,
 And on seraphic wings shall bear its way
 Into that world of joy and pure delight,
 Where *Hope* shall cease, and *Faith* be lost in sight.
 Propitious period! Jesus haste and come—
 O take thy captive to her native home!

E. E.

ON THE XIXth PSALM.

THE heav'ns above our heads declare
 Thy glory, Lord, in letters fair,
 With marks of thine almighty pow'r
 Adorning each revolving hour.

The sun, when he begins his race,
 The borders of thy works displays,
 And, as his glories brighter shine,
 More plainly shews thy skill divine:

Thy

Thy creatures' hearts with rapture bound,
While he with splendid speed goes round,
And daily, as thy bounteous hand,
Sheds blessings down on ev'ry land.

The moon, that from her azure throne
By night diffuses light alone,
Thy separating skill proclaims
Where'er she sends her borrow'd beams.

The distant stars that, through the night,
From far emit their twinkling light,
Expand our views of thy domain,
And tell how vast, how wide thy reign.

The various trees, and plants, and flow'rs,
Born of thy heav'n-descending show'rs,
With fishes, birds, and beasts unite
Thy name through earth and seas to write.

Creation's works, in all their forms,
From rolling stars, to creeping worms,
In never-ceasing concord join
To sing thy name, thy pow'r divine.

But when the dawn of heav'n we view
In fallen sinners born anew;
When, in the Gospel's brighter skies,
We see the Sun of glory rise;

No more we ask the stars to tell
What Jesus only could reveal;
In him at once our eyes behold
More than creation ever told.

Omnipotence, to ev'ry age
Creation sings, in accents sage;
But love and justice, truth and grace,
Shine only in Redemption's rays.

Thy *nature* and thy *name* we read
When we behold Immanuel bleed;
And when we hear his dying groan,
His shame and sorrow tells *our own*.

Thy just commands, by him obey'd,
In all their beauty stand display'd;
Thy righteous vengeance falling *there*,
Fills earth and heav'n with holy fear.

The lustre of thy holy law
Thus honour'd, fills our minds with awe;
And Calv'ry's scenes at once reveal
More love and wrath than heav'n and hell.

How pure the Truth that would not spare
Thine Equal, thine eternal Heir!
How great the love that freely gave
Thy Son, thine enemies to save!

Where

Where ends!—where does this heav'n begin?
The grace how great! how bright the scene!
Salvation sent so full, so free!
Lord, how may sinners honour thee?

O! let thy promis'd Spirit come,
And make our hearts his constant home!
That, in the light that shines from thee,
We may thy light, thy glory see!

Till each believer, like a sun,
Shall one eternal circle run,
And more sublimely sing thy love
To all the list'ning worlds above!

J. S.

ODE UPON CHRIST'S CRUCIFIXION.

FROM THE GREEK.

ENOUGH of Pagan idle toys,
Change the strings and raise the voice,
To sacred notes the lyre apply'd,
Hail the King the Crucify'd!

Of wonders thou eternal store!
O what first shall I explore!
Fain would I scan, fain would I tell
Mysteries unspeakable!

By

By man or spirit blest on high,
How the living Lord could die!
I'll tell of love to creature's sight
Fathomless and infinite.

His well-lov'd Son the Father chose,
Bleeding Ransom for his foes!
I'll sing in lofty strains aloud
Triumphs of my buried Lord!

Hell and the grave are captives led;
Death is conquer'd by the Dead!
But hark! from Calvary rebounds
Mixture of affright'ning sounds.

Loud, echoing dreadful from afar,
Of the slain, and of the slayer,
That wounds mine ear! Haste, quickly fly
To the mountain's top, mine eye.

Him 'midst of three expiring view,
How unlike the other two!
His gentle head he meekly bends,
Wide his sacred arms extend;

The cruel nails, his weight that bear,
Tear him, fast'ning while they tear.
This suffer'd wretched man, for thee,
Without suff'ring canst thou see?

Thick

Thick rise thy groans, thy vesture tear,
Beat the breast and rend the hair;
The tend'rest yearning pangs be thine,
All in purple see him shine;

Not purchas'd from the Tyrian shore;
Dy'd, alas! with dropping gore,
Part by his bleeding temples shed,
From the thorns which pierc'd his head;

Part from the long-drawn furrows flow'd,
Which the twisted scourge had plough'd:
High let the streams of sorrow rise,
Ope the fountains of thine eyes;

Pour, pour on earth a gushing flood;
Since, so lib'ral of his blood,
His vital drops for thee he spares,
Canst thou, mortal, grudge thy tears?

C. D.

SOMETHING NEW.

SINCE man by sin has lost his God,
He seeks creation through,
And vainly hopes for solid bliss,
In trying *Something new*.

The

The new-possess'd (like fading flowers))
 Soon loses its gay hue;
 The bauble now no longer takes—
 The soul wants *Something new*.

And could we call all Europe ours,
 With India and Peru;
 The mind would feel an aching void,
 And still want *Something new*.

But when we feel the Saviour's pow'r,
 All good in him we view;
 The soul forsakes its vain pursuits,
 Nor seeks for *Something new*.

The joys a dear Redeemer brings,
 Will bear a strict review:
 Nor need we ever change again,
 For CHRIST is *Always new*.

On the Death of Miss REBECCA MOULDER.

'T IS done—and lov'd Rebecca yields her breath!
 But dies in peace to triumph over death:
 That choicest flower of heaven, *immortal love*,
 Just buds on earth, to bloom in worlds above.
 To hear when death triumphant shook his dart,
 The dreadful summons with a cheerful heart,

Sure!

Sure sweet reflection on a life well spent,
Made the heart easy and the mind content;
Sooth'd all her anguish, soften'd all her woe,
And brav'd the horrors of the ghastly foe;
Bade heav'nly prospects all around her rise,
And pleasing objects bless her closing eyes.
'Tis next to love to share the tear of woe,
No other balm relieves the mourner so.
Her soul, uplifted on celestial wing,
Hears Heaven's high vaults with hallelujahs ring.
To worlds of blessedness she bends her flight,
And treads th' immortal regions of delight:
Thou early saint! thy God's peculiar care,
Who gave thee wisdom, goodness, knowledge rare,
Taught thee thro' life's perplexing scenes to shine,
And prov'd by ev'ry mark a work divine.
Not to herself, but to her Saviour flies,
And in his boundless love exulting dies.

PHILOS.

O B I T U A R Y.

Philadelphia—[Inserted by desire.]

ON the 5th of March, 1796, departed this life, Miss REBECCA MOULDER, of this city, in the 26th year of her age. Her remains were interred in the Baptist burying ground, attended by a respectable

spectable concourse of citizens and sympathizing friends.

By those who were acquainted with this excellent young lady, no eulogium that could possibly be given her, would be viewed as exaggerated.

Easy in her manners, she rendered herself agreeable to all.—Her conversation uniformly turned upon subjects calculated to impart benefit; though of so modest a demeanour, her view was—to receive it.

Possessed of a benevolent heart, she always felt for, and, agreeable to her ability, afforded relief unto the poor and distressed.—And as a “christian is the *highest* stile” of any human being—she was one in an eminent degree!

A firm belief in JESUS and the RESURRECTION influenced her some years ago to make a public profession of his name, which she constantly adorned—This always afforded her, considering her youth, unusual confidence; the verity of which was realized on her dying bed—

For triumphing in the faith of the gospel—she lived—she bade adieu to earth—and now sleeps in the arms of her REDEEMER.

“ Safe is she lodg’d above these rolling spheres;
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitudes on all beneath.”



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AN ESSAY

On the Influence of Grace upon the Soul of Man.

AS, when a river is turned into a new channel; the stream forfakes its ancient bed, and pursues a course unknown till then; so the soul of man, when its native captivity to sin and death, is *turned as the rivers in the South*, flows back to God, from whom it ran before; nor ceases to flow, till it has gained the ocean of infinite good.

I

This

This is the inseparable effect of union and communion with Christ. The glorious liberty of the children of God, is a liberty from the darkness of unbelief, and from the bondage of moral corruption, into the light of faith, the fire of love, and law of righteousness. That question in the prophet, *Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?* admits of a favourable solution. The converting SPIRIT of God does that for us which we could never do for ourselves. He makes the Ethiopian, in a moral sense, fair as the driven snow; and renders the spotted leopard spotless, in comparison of what he was. The vassals of iniquity became vessels of glory; and the soul that once cleaved to the dust of sensuality, and lay dead in trespasses and sins, is quicken'd from above, and made to sit in heavenly places with Christ Jesus. When the citadel of the human heart is taken by grace, the enemy's colours are displaced; Satan's usurped authority is superseded; the standard of the Cross is erected on the walls; and the spiritual rebel takes the vow of willing allegiance to Christ, his rightful sovereign. The strong holds to sin on one hand, and of self-righteousness on the other, are batter'd down; and the soul, from that blessed moment, made free indeed, cries out, *Other lords have had dominion over me; but the darkness is past,*

pass, and the true light now shines: the snare is broken, and I am deliver'd.

From this experience of the divine power in our own hearts, we cannot but adopt the celestial anthem, *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men!* Our Conversion becomes known to all; and some of the practical effects, produced by, and connected with, that great display of grace, are these that follow:—

Where *Lust*, that fiery serpent, was wont to crawl, divine LOVE kindles her hallow'd flame, and raises the affections, 'as on eagles' wings, to heaven.

Where *Unbelief*, blind and fullen as the mole, lay wrapt in malicious gloom, loving darkness rather than light, and seeking to undetermine what she had not eyes to see, FAITH diffuses the brightness of celestial day, and leads the willing soul to Him who bought her with his blood.

Where *Insensibility*, thoughtless as the bird that hastens to the snare, and gay as a victim crowned for the slaughter, sported on the precipice of destruction, and danced on the verge of death, serious CONVICTION fixes her keen, but salutary weapon; and filial FEAR keeps the avenues of the converted person's heart, and the actions of his life, in powerful, but sweet, restraint.

Where

Where *Envy* pined, where *Malice* hissed, where *Slander* sharpened her tongue, and *Pride*, that bloated snake, lifted her swelling crest; universal CHARITY throws wide her arms; HUMILITY stoops to the tenderest offices of beneficence; and dove-like MEEKNESS smiles with benignity in her heart, and the law of candour upon her lips.

Where *Intemperance* mixed the intoxicating bowl, and lawless riot pushed the superfluous glass, seeking to drown every thought of eternity, and to sink the poor remains of human dignity, in the poisonous draught; there, religious MODERATION marks out the limits; mindful of that more than golden rule, *Whether ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.*

Where *Prophaneness*, assuming the mask of wit, spawned the irreligious jest, and solicited the hellish laugh, prostituting, perhaps, even the language of Scripture to the purposes of licentious mirth, and playing on the very words of the Holy Ghost; trifling with sacred subjects, at which angels tremble, and lightly mentioning that adorable Name, at which angels bow; there, from the moment of conversion, grace introduces a total change. The renewed sinner abhors himself, as in dust and ashes, for all that he has done; and can never sufficiently adore, admire, and revere, that infinite goodness,

goodness, which, instead of turning him into hell, has turned him to God, and made him a living monument, not of deserved vengeance, but of unmerited mercy. His heart, which, till then, was a sink of impurity and prophanation, is transformed into an house of prayer; and his mouth, once the seat of blasphemy, is consecrated into an altar of praise.

Where *Avarice* sat brooding, tenacious as death, and insatiate as the grave; unfeeling as marble, and deaf to the cries of distress, as the adder that stops her ear: discreet LIBERALITY unlocks the heart, and well-directed Beneficence extends her hand to bestow. The language of the soul is similar to that of Zacchæus: *Behold, Lord, the half of my goods, I give to the poor; and, if I have taken any thing from any man, by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.* The true believer, like his adorable Saviour, *goes about, doing good,* and seeking whom he may relieve.

Where *Discontent*, like a wild bull in a net, raged and struggled, turning the rod of affliction into a serpent, and charging Providence with folly; reclining PATIENCE kisses the hand that smites, and, knowing that Infinite Wisdom and Goodness have mingled the draught, not only receives, but even relishes, the cup: while celestial HOPE casts

her anchor on the inestimable promise of Him who says, *I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee*; and who has immutably declared, that *All things without exception, work together for good, to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose*. Thus does the follower of Christ, in the communicated strength of the Holy One, take up his cross; content to bear it as long, and to carry it as far, as God's unerring will shall please:

"Nor thinks its chance, nor murmurs at the load;
 "But knows, what man calls fortune, is from God."

Where *sacrilegious Impiety* once robb'd Jehovah of his own Day, and prophaned the SABBATH, either by rioting and excess, or by travelling, or by the transaction of worldly business, or by making it an opportunity of recreation and idle amusement; thus rendering the best of days subservient to the worst purposes, either of atrocious guilt, or of criminal insignificance; either basely selling, or unprofitably squandering, those precious, those irretrievable hours, which should be appropriated to the glory of God, and to the spiritual improvement of the soul;—There, religious regard to divine appointment, and love to the gracious Appointer,

Appointer, constrain the Christian to keep the Lord's Day holy to the Lord, and to cultivate an habitual, increasing fitness for the enjoyment of that Sabbatism, that everlasting rest, which remaineth for the people of God.

In a word, where *Impenitency*, armed with ten-fold brags, stiffened her neck, and withdrew her shoulder from the yoke of obedience;—the once obdurate sinner, being made willing in the day of God's power, crys out, with vanquish'd Paul, *Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?* Tears of contrition flow, like water from the smitten rock; REPENTANCE strikes her conscious breast; and DEVOTION darts her aspiring eyes to heaven.

May those, who have, hitherto, been unconcerned about the great work of conversion, beg of God to shew them the things belonging to their peace, e'er death makes them wise indeed; wise, perhaps, too late!

And may such of us, as are influenced, by grace, to the experimental knowledge, love, and imitation of Christ; be led, farther, and deeper, into acquaintance with God, and communion with his blessed Spirit: gaining, day by day, brighter evidences of our Election to eternal life, and more substantial marks of our interest in the Covenant of Grace. Pray for the full assurance of faith, for the feeling

ing of God's favour to you in Christ Jesus, and for the knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of sins.

A. M. T.

A PRESERVATION.

SIR James Thornhill was the person who painted the inside of the famous *cupola* of St. Paul's, London. After having finished one of the compartments, he stepped back, gradually, to see how it would look at a distance. He receded so far (still keeping his eye intently fixed on the painting) that he was got almost to the very edge of the scaffolding, without perceiving it: had he continued to retreat half a minute more, he must have fallen to the pavement beneath, and completed his destruction. A person present, who saw the danger the great artist was in, had the happy presence of mind to snatch up one of the brushes, and daubed it over the painting. Sir James, transported with rage, sprang forward to save the remainder of the piece. But his rage was soon turned into thanks, when the person addressed him—"Sir, by spoiling the painting I have saved the life of the painter. You had advanced to the extremity of the scaffold, without knowing

knowing it. Had I called to you, to apprise you of your danger, you would naturally have turned to look behind you; and the surprise of finding yourself in such a dreadful situation, would have hastened your fall. I had, therefore, no other method of retrieving you but by acting as I did."

Not altogether dissimilar to this is God's conduct to his people. It is the vain employ of sinful man, by the imperfect duties of his life, to draw his own portrait, in such delusive colours, as to esteem himself worthy the attention of the Almighty; and, after the performance is executed, to view himself in every favourable light to gratify the vanity of his self-righteous heart, although every step he takes in the review, hastens his unwary feet to a fall which must complete his destruction. But, it is the determination of the God of Grace, *to stain the pride of all human glory*; and, as the bystander daubed the painting of Sir James Thornhill, purposely to save his life from death, so the LORD the SPIRIT mars our legal performances, shews us the guilt that attends them, and their inefficiency to justify us before the tribunal of JEHOVAH; then directs our attention to JESUS, the Son of God, *the Lord our Righteousness*; who, *being the brightness of his FATHER's glory, and the express image of his PERSON, having purged*
our

our sins, becomes our only salvation. Then, instead of our hearts arising in resentment against the conduct of the Almighty, in destroying the works of our hands, we thankfully adore his grace, and triumph in his love!

The Life of the late Reverend and learned AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY, M. A. Vicar of Broad Hembury, in Devonshire, Great-Britain.

(Continued from page 72, and concluded.)

ON a friend's suggesting to Mr. Toplady the loss which the Church of Christ would sustain by his death, the utmost discomposure was visible in his countenance, and with extreme sensibility he exclaimed, "What, by my death? No! By my death? No! Jesus Christ is able, and will, by proper instruments, defend his own truths. And with regard to what little I have been enabled to do in this way, not to me, but to his name, and to that only, be the glory." A short time preceding his death, his friend and physician, on his own earnest request, informing him that his heart and arteries evidently beat, every day, weaker and weaker; he
replied

replied immediately with a smile,—“*Why, that’s a good sign, that my death is fast approaching; and blessed be God, I can add, that my heart beats every day stronger and stronger for glory.*”

— Another friend took the liberty to ask him, if in his present situation he had any *doubt* remaining upon his mind respecting the *truth* of those principles he had so warmly propagated in his ministry. He replied,—“*Doubt, Sir, doubt! Pray use not that word when speaking of me. I cannot endure the term; at least while God continues to shine upon my soul, in the gracious manner he now does. Not,*” added he, “*but that I am sensible, that while in the body, if left of him, I am capable, through the power of temptation, of calling into question every truth of the gospel; but that is so far from being the case, that the manifestation and comforts of his love are so abundant as to render my state the most desirable in the world. I would not exchange my condition with any one upon earth. And with respect to my principles, these blessed truths which I have been enabled in my poor measure to maintain, appear to me more than ever, most gloriously indubitable. My own existence is not, to my apprehension, a greater certainty. To me sickness is no affliction; pain no curse; death itself no dissolution.*

A few

A few days before his death, he said to a friend, with his hands clasped, and his eyes lifted up, flowing with tears of evident joy, "*O, my dear Sir, I cannot tell you the comforts I feel in my soul: they are past expression! The consolations of God to such an unworthy wretch are so abundant, he leaves me nothing to pray for, but a continuance of them. I enjoy an heaven already in my soul. My prayers are all converted into praise. Nevertheless, I do not forget that I am still in the body, and liable to all those distressing fears which are incident to human nature when under temptations, and without any sensible divine support. But so long as the presence of God continues with me in the degree I now enjoy it, I cannot but think that such a desponding frame is impossible.*" The nearer he drew to his decease, the more happy and heavenly he appeared in his spirit and conversation. Founded upon the rock Christ Jesus, and influenced with the Father's everlasting love, he stands against the shock of mortality. The truth he preached to others, being the food and nourishment of his own soul, he now finds their sweetness to counterpoise the sorrows of the grave. Happy, unspeakably happy is that man, and especially that minister, who is thus divinely taught and enriched by a God of all grace!

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The truth of Christ shall make them free from every fear, and safe conduct their feet through the shades of death; while the unhappy formalist, and self-taught professor, will tremble and sink beneath the prospect of immortality.

Not long before his exit Mr. Toplady exclaimed, "*O how this soul of mine longs to be gone! like a bird imprisoned in a cage, it longs to take its flight. O that I had wings like a dove! then would I flee away to the realms of bliss, and be at rest forever!*" Being asked by a friend, if he always enjoyed such comforts, he answered, "*I cannot say there are no intermissions; for if there were not, my consolations would be more and greater than I could possibly bear; but, when they abate, they leave such an abiding sense of God's goodness, and of the certainty of my being fixed upon the eternal rock of Christ Jesus, that my soul is still filled with peace and joy.*" A little before his departure, he blessed God for continuing to him his understanding in clearness; but added, with a rapture,—"*Most of all, his abiding presence, and the shining of his love upon my soul. The sky is clear; there is no cloud; come Lord Jesus, come quickly!*" Soon after this he closed his eyes, the 11th of August, 1778, and found, as Milton expresses it

———— a death like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life.

The corpse of Mr. Toplady, agreeably to his own desire, was interred in *Tottenham Court Chapel*, in a remarkably deep grave, in presence of a concourse of people. And, notwithstanding Mr. Toplady had frequently expressed his disapprobation of any funeral sermon being delivered on his death, yet the REVEREND ROWLAND HILL could not forbear ascending the pulpit at the interment, and made a very solemn and affectionate address to the thronged church.

MORNING'S INTERVIEW

*Between Deacon Ridly and Colonel Sharplefs,
New-Jersey.*

Deacon. SO, so, Colonel, good morning; when did you return from York?

Col. Last night, and had I not been so desperately jaded, I should have called upon you right away for a grain of comfort.

Deacon. Why, what in the world is the matter with you, you look mighty poorly; come, sit down
Colonel.

Colonel. Are markets low that make you feel so ugly?

Col. Deacon, as old a man as you are you never heard the like in all your days; there is that great man Thomas Paine been writing against the *bible*, and a great many *Yorkers* take side with him, and if something is not done, they will all turn deists. Here, Deacon Ridly, is the book; do look at it; I bought it at Swords's, in Pearl-street.

Deacon. Well, well, I will look at this mighty book. Molly, hand me your grand-mother's spectacles. Perhaps, Colonel, you are more afraid than hurt. I guess you are mistaken about the folks in York; I have long thought many of them did not like the *bible* mighty well, and only wanted Tom Paine's fine French cloak to walk in.

Col. Stay, Deacon, not quite so hard;—Paine reasons desperately indeed;—let me shew you this place. Ah! there it is, he strikes home at the root. (P. 13)—“Revelation, when applied to religion, means something communicated *immediately* from God to man. No one will deny or dispute the power of the Almighty to make such a communication if he pleases. But admitting for the sake of a case, that something has been revealed to a certain person, and not revealed to any other person, it is revelation to that person only. When he tells
it

it to a second person, a second to a third, and a third to a fourth, and so on, it ceases to be a revelation to all those persons. It is a revelation to the first person only, and *heresay* to every other, and consequently they are not obliged to believe it." Now Deacon, how am I to know whether the bible be a revelation of God or not—Is it *heresay* to me!

Deacon. So, so, let me see if I can't take this *Tom Fox* by the tail, and take off his firebrand. Do Colonel hand me that book on the shelf; 'tis *Paine's Common Sense*.—See here,—(p. 7.) On monarchy and hereditary succession, he quotes the scriptures, and says, *it is worth attending to*, and shews the origin, and succession of the kings of Israel; *these portions of scripture*, says he, *are direct and positive; they admit of no equivocal construction*; and then brings in the attestation of the Almighty in this case. Here Colonel, you see, to point his pen against KINGS, he gives full credit to the bible, as much as any *parson* in America; but when he got into France, he lost his "*Common Sense*," and calls the bible a *heresay*. Thus you see Paine is either a *believer* or an *unbeliever*, as suits his own purpose.

Col. Why, Deacon, I never saw you so merry in all my born days; I thought to be sure, you
would

would have burst your eyes in tears! But look a little farther and you will see,—aye, there it is, (p. 50) how he talks about the Saviour having *no learning*, and that he could not *write*.

Deacon. Aye, so he does. Take the bible Colonel, and turn to John viii. 6. and you will there see, *Jesus stooped down and with his finger wrote on the ground*, when the accusers of the adultres were before him. But, see here Colonel, in the very same page, Paine says, “Jesus Christ called men to the practice of moral virtues, and the belief of one God,” therefore, Jesus must have had the best sort of learning.

Col. Very true, *Deacon.* There is another place where he calls St. Paul a *manufacturer of quibbles*, (p. 54)—the book of Revelations is a *riddle*, (p. 32) and says *the metaphor of a dishclout* might have been introduced as a *type*, (p. 146.)

Deacon. Paul was consistent in his writings, and not like Paine, in his Common Sense approving the Scripture, and in his Age of Reason denying it; therefore was no quibbler.—The Revelation may appear a riddle to Paine, simply because he had no eyes to read it, nor inclination to compare it with the successive events of time; and, as to the metaphor of a *dishclout*, if he had looked sharp, he would have found it already in Jeremiah. *All our righte-*

*ousnesses are as filthy rags,** and if poor Tom had known his own heart, he would have found it in God's sight more filthy than the dirtiest dishclout ever handled by a scullion in his kitchen. However, Colonel, as Dr. Linn says, in his Sermon on the *Times*, "That book, which hath for so many ages stood the roaring of the lion, may well stand the braying of an ass."

Col. Paine also says that the Christian Church sprung out of the tail of the heathen mythology; and, *Deacon*, there are many things in scripture that look a little that way. (p. 17 and 97.)

Deacon. I guess, Colonel, this rather comes from Paine's *head* than the heathen's tail. Now, Colonel, I wonder our *dominies* do not more explain these things to their people; but let that be as it may, if you compare the heathen mythology with the scripture, you will find that the heathen mythology is a corruption from the scripture; you know on man's expulsion from Paradise, God placed *cherubims* to guard the tree of life; and, no doubt, Cain being familiar therewith, he and his posterity, on their settlement, not fearing the true God, made gods of their own from that figure. The same cherubims were appointed in the Tabernacle of Moses; in the Temple of Solomon; and, mightily spoken of by
Ezekiel:

* Isaiah lxiv. 6.

Ezekiel: now, these cherubims, in *Hebrew*, answer to the *elements of Nature*; and when the tribes revolted under Jereboam, they carried the idea of these hieroglyphics among the heathen, and thus, in my opinion, *Jupiter*, and all the other heathen gods, were established and worshipped, as they all answer in their names and natures to the four faces of the cherubims, as you may see explained by the learned Mr. Parkhurst, in his *Hebrew Lexicon*.

Col. Then, Deacon, you don't believe what Paine says?

Deacon. Do you think I am so foolish in my old age as to *believe an unbeliever*? No, no, let unbelievers credit one another if they please; were I to believe such, my reason and common sense might laugh in my face.

Col. What think you could induce that man to write such a book?

Deacon. I'll tell you, Colonel; you know Paine was then in the clutches of the French Convention, many of whom were deists greater than himself; and, to recommend himself to their favour, and save his neck from Louis's cutting-knife, the *gilotine*, I guess he wrote against the bible. Another reason why he wrote against the christian religion is, because he had none in himself; if he had known himself a sinner, he would have seen the necessity
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of a Saviour revealed, or perish. But, Colonel, I see Paine as in the hand of Providence. *France*, you know, for many ages, has been as *cup* of infidelity and superstition: in order for the reception of the pure *wine* of the Gospel, the *cup* must be emptied; and I look upon Paine's book as a just description of the present state of religion, if such it may be called, in that country; and thus he is the hand that shews us the contents of the *cup* of abominations. The time, I believe, is not far distant, when truth and righteousness shall flourish among that people, and the pure doctrines of Christ shall arise upon the ruins of infidelity. But, stay Colonel, what is this he says, (p. 71)—“ I keep no bible.” The only true word in all his book, and a plain proof of his ignorance and contempt of the subject.

Col. Deacon Ridly, I am mighty glad to hear you talk; it does me more good than all the sermons I have heard this month past. I feel quite relieved;—do let's have a mug of your cyder, and I'll go and order my team to plough; and at another time I will ask you more about this book, for I vow it had almost turned me upside down.

THE SLOTHFUL WORSHIPER
ADMONISHED.

FOR a professed christian to enter a place of public worship when service is half performed, is attended with extreme disadvantages to himself, and many inconveniences to others; consequently merits friendly admonition.

Such a person, however, may reply, "better late than never;" but, on serious reflection, he must find his tardy steps expose him to severe reflection. Does he not give others leave to imagine he has indulged a bed of sloth, especially when on every other morning in the week he is known to be first at market, and the earliest at his business? Who can suppose he has had time for either family or closet Devotion; or if performed at all, it must have been in a bustle to get to Church before sermon. May not many steady worshippers imagine, that this slothful christian, however he may talk of loving sermons, can have little idea of the true worship of the great God, when he enters the door after prayer? Should he be equally late in his attendance in the afternoon, who but may imagine he has too freely eat at his table; or has taken a few glasses too many? This, however, is certain, no one has
reason

reason to suppose his mind in a lively frame for religion; that he loves the habitation of the Almighty; feels a warm attachment to God's saints; or is a lover of prayer and praise.

This evil does not rest alone upon or with himself. What a bad example does he set his family, and others in the congregation, especially young persons, who need every stimulus to duty! What an interruption to public worship is it for a person to bounce in, and almost out of breath, to take his seat, while service is performed? And, what a discouragement is it to the minister to see so little fruit of his labour, and perhaps to be interrupted in his work by this negligent attendant, who catches the eye of every body in the church?

It is granted, that lawful, unavoidable obstructions may occur to prevent a person's timely attendance on worship; where this is the real case, it will create the pain of disappointment in that breast which glows with ardour for Communion with God in his sanctuary; but it is to be feared, many, very many habitually neglect a due attendance on the house of the Lord, and need admonition to quicken their steps, which, if effected hereby, will answer the desired end of this paper.

THE REFLECTION.

AM I a sinner?—The conviction of my conscience, the events of my life, and the law of my creation, confirm the solemn truth. Sin has produced in my breast unhallowed desires, deranged by mental powers, and debased my softer passions; it prepareth for my steps a thorny path, and creates a stubborn will, averse to all that's good. In vain I pass the busy scenes of life, or seek to drown my conscious sensibility among the sons of mirth: these enhance my pain in reflecting hours, and arm my pillow with thorns, more piercing than the poisoned arrow. I am amenable to HIM who made me. This, a conscience something, resident within, announces. And this I learn from the various scenes of life, and the passage of my fellow mortals, though against their will, to a state from which they never, never will return. Ah! my soul, every fleeting moment brings thee nearer to the fatal crisis, when thou, and all that's mortal, shalt bid adieu, and then to stand before thy Maker's august throne. But O!—this God is good, and mercy dwells with him. Yet, say my soul, this God is righteous too; nor can his goodness, nor his mercy, reach thee as a sinner, at expence
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so dear as forfeiture of justice. If there be a God, immutable must be his attributes; nor one impeach or cross another. How then, as a sinner, canst thou hope to meet his smiles?—Sayest thou, revolve, repent; yet alas! who will pay the old arrear! Will repenting tears obliterate the awful debt I owe? But, should I say I will repent, can repentance flow from a heart so hard and vile as mine? The terrors of my God forbid repentance; inflexible is his law, and exorable is his justice;—my guilty breast feels encrusted; my tears refuse to flow; nor can I find repentance, though by repentance I should be saved. Whither then wouldst thou fly? Survey the stores of nature, if a victim can be found to satisfy thy God;—see, if among her choicest sweets, a balm so full of virtue can be found to make the whole. All, all is vain! “Shall I come before the Lord with burnt-offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?” These, alas! have no merit for human offence; and the very offering of them would betray my folly and accumulate my guilt. What said Abraham to his son?—“God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering.” Gen. xxii. 8. The
gospel

gospel points me to that Lamb; God's co-equal, co-eternal Son—that Lamb, who was lead to the slaughter; bled beneath the stroke of justice; and whose atoning sacrifice is accepted by that God against whom my sins arise. Here then will I rest. On this rock of salvation will I cast my soul with all its guilt and cares. O thou bleeding, suffering dying Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world; wash me in thy precious blood, clothe me in thy justifying righteousness, and, by thy sovereign, efficacious grace, restore my heart, my life, my soul, to thy holy image! and when flesh and heart shall fail, be thou the strength of my life and my portion for ever.

THE DOCTOR'S MISTAKE.

DR. D——'s besetting sin seems to have been an excess and laxness of complaisance. Being to preach one Sunday at a country town, where were two different churches, the one Calvinistic, the other Armenian, the Doctor provided himself with two sermons, as opposite in their plan as were the congregations to which he was to preach. When arrived at the place, he mounted the Calvinist pulpit in the morning. He gave out his text, and began

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his discourse; but had not got far before he perceived he had pulled out the wrong sermon. He could not, however, recede; but went through with it with much uneasiness to himself, and to the great dissatisfaction of his auditory. Having but two sermons with him, and knowing that many of his morning-hearers would follow him to the other church in the afternoon, he was under the necessity of preaching his Calvinistic discourse to the Armenian congregation, where he gave as much discontent as he had done to the other before. The Doctor lamenting his mistake shortly after to an intimate friend, received this mortifying answer: "Never mind it, Sir, you only happened to put your hand in the wrong pocket."

DIALOGUE

Between a Father and his Son.

[Continued from page 66, and concluded.]

PART III.

Father. **M**Y son, did you read in the *gazette* of to-day, the treaty of peace between the *DEY* of Algiers and the United States?

Son.

Son. I did, Sir, and it afforded me peculiar satisfaction to find that our trade was in some degree preserved from interruption by that rapacious nation; and especially as it may afford a ray of hope to our suffering citizens, now confined in that dreadful country. Who that feels the flame of religious and civil liberty within his breast, but must often drop for them the sympathetic tear!

Father. I know, my child, you always felt a generous heart for another's woe. Civil liberty is sweet; yet, those slaves, chained to the galleys, enduring the most severe bondage, did they feel liberty of soul from the power of sin and the condemnation of the *law* by the sacrifice of Christ, they must be pronounced infinitely more happy than the most wealthy merchant, that neither knows nor fears the Lord. Since, my son, we are upon the subject of liberty, as you expressed to me when riding on the Island, the unhappy state of your mind, I wish you to inform me if you have obtained any relief.

Son. Contrary to my expectation I have felt relief, and in a way once remote from my desires. I cannot but be astonished at the delusion of my mind, and the change of my heart! I saw neither my danger nor my deliverer. Surely it is the Lord who hath revealed them both, or I should have been ignorant of them still.

Father.

Father. You fill my heart with joy! Favour me, my son, with the way by which your mind was made at ease.

Son. After our conversation while riding on the Island, I sought a retired moment for prayer; but while bending my knees, a gloom overspread my mind;—my mouth was stopped;—I had no view of God, although my heart was filled with his terrors. Arising from my knees, I was about to leave my chamber, and while my hat was in my hand, these words sensibly occurred to my thoughts, *All thy children shall be taught of God, and great shall be the peace of thy children.* Isa. liv. 13. I immediately returned to prayer, and begged the Lord to teach me the knowledge of himself;—my mind expanded;—I saw, *God was a just God, and yet a Saviour*;—that Jesus had died for sinners,—for his very enemies. The love of Christ engaged my heart;—I wept;—I prayed. The voice of Jesus, saying, *Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,* Matt. xi. 28. reached my heart;—I felt a willingness to lay at his feet with my guilt and folly. I was persuaded that his blood could cleanse from all sin. When I arose from prayer, it seemed all my distress was gone. I wished the Lord would take charge of me, and that my body and soul might be sealed.

sealed his for ever! I resolved to inform you of it immediately, but I know not what forbid me, for three weeks past; probably it might have been a temptation—I hope, Sir, you will excuse it——

Father. O my child! how bountiful is God to me! how rich is his mercy to you! May the Lord seal you indeed for his own! Now you will feel new motives for obedience, and be led to a source of happiness unknown to you before. Remember; it is said, *Messiah shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.* Isaiah xl. 11. Look to him to defend your tender mind from evil, conduct your feet in the path of duty, and finish the work I hope he hath graciously begun. I forbear describing to you the thorny path you have to tread, and the many enemies that will assault you. I will not interrupt your joy. Still contemplate the beauties of Christ, the riches of grace, and the prospects of eternity, and my heart shall drink with you of the same sacred cup.

Son. I hope, Sir, you will pray the Lord that my present comforts may not deceive me, for I have had a fear already arise, that such might be possible; however, I dare not yield to it.

Father. Such fears are common to those who lie at the Shepherd's feet; be assured they are in-
L 2 jected

jected by an infernal foe. Whenever such suspicions arise, beg of the Lord to shine upon what you esteem to be his own work; and if it be his work indeed, he will make it evident to you, that you may enjoy the comfort of it. And, for your encouragement, read the complete suit of armour described in Eph. vi. which, if worn by faith, will make you proof against your foes, and no weapon formed against you shall prosper. I shall not cease to pray for you while life and breath remain; be assured, that to see you walk worthy of the Lord in the various relations of private and public life, will afford me that happiness which can only be exceeded by the more immediate smiles of my God.

POPULATION.

THE aggregate population on the surface of the known habitable globe, is estimated at 895,300,000 souls. If we reckon, with the ancients, that a generation lasts thirty years, then, in that space, 895,300,000 human beings will be born and die; consequently 81,760 must be dropping into eternity

ty every *day*, 3407 every *hour*, or about 56 every *minute*. How solemn the reflection! how important the admonition, *Be ye also ready!*

ON BEING AWOKED FROM SLEEP BY A STORM.

HOW dreadful is the storm which hath aroused me from my deep sleep! The artillery of heaven seems doubly charged! How sharp the lightning that penetrates the crevices of my windows! The thunder of the sky makes the house rock, and my very bed to tremble! The hail-stones seem commissioned to destroy, and tempestuous winds appear to have lost their wonted bounds! My God! are these the tokens of thy displeasure? Is my awakened frame agitated at these demonstrations of thy awful grandeur? How then shall I arise from the bed of death by the archangel's trump, and amidst dissolving elements, and the wreck of nature, meet thee in tremendous judgment! Who can stand in thy sight when thou art angry! Yet to what expressions of thy indignation have my offences exposed me! How shall I allay the storm of thy righteous vengeance! Were I to offer unto thee thousands of gold and silver, or all the vast treasures

fures of ten thousand worlds, the mighty sum would be infinitely too poor : would be spurned from thy throne, and the very offering serve only to accumulate my offences. Lost in myself, I cast my eyes toward that slaughtered Lamb who taketh away the sins of men. O thou bleeding, prevailing sacrifice ! let thy spirit apply that blood to my guilty heart, which, on Mount Calvary, appeased incensed justice, and procured salvation for the vile ; let my imperfect soul be wrapped within the mantle of thy pure obedience, and in which I may boldly stand the solemn day. Thou adored Son of God has sustained the fiery indignation ; and thou art to me a covert from the storm, and a refuge from the tempest ! Beneath the shadow of thy wings I rest secure, and wait the judgment day. Let thunders roar, and lightning pierce the sky ; let the massy globe, with all its splendour, fade away, and the arched heavens vanish as the smoke : I will rejoice in the Lord, and triumph in his grace ! O thou God of sovereign power and majesty, let a sense of thy august Presence guard my steps this day, that I err not from thy just commands. Let the solemn lesson of the morning abide till the setting sun, and yield its sacred sweets ; and thus the morning and the evening shall celebrate thy praise.

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THE BOOK-STEALER.

A Gentleman of Bristol, Great-Britain, of pretty strong sentiments against the person of Jesus, took occasion, in almost every company, to speak contemptuously of the leading doctrines of revelation. Being one day at the sale of the library of a late minister of that city, in one of the lots there happened to be a volume entitled *Christ Crucified*. The lot being sold, and the volume missing, there was a general inquiry after it through the room; when, very unfortunately, it happened to be found in the possession of the above-named gentleman, who, without hesitation, gave it up with a sneer, saying, "Here, take your Christ Crucified, for any thing it is good for." Upon which another gentleman in company, patting him upon the shoulder, very smartly whispered him, "I FIND IT IS NOTHING UNCOMMON FOR THIEVES TO REVILE A CRUCIFIED JESUS."

SELECT SENTENCES.

1. **T**HE promises of God, like a well-drawn picture, look on all that look on them with an eye of
of

of faith. They are like the beams of the sun, which shine as freely in at the windows of the poor man's cottage as the rich man's palace.

2. Many persons shift their sins, as men do their clothes; they put off one to put on another; this is but waiting on the devil in a new livery.

3. When a christian thinks he can go alone he is nearest falling.

4. The blood of Christ, which satisfied the justice of God, may well satisfy the conscience of a sensible transgressor.

5. The imperfections of a believer's *sanctification* make him continually depend on Christ for *justification*.

6. A complete christian lives like a king; and prays like a beggar.

7. Nature in man must have bread, but grace in man must have Christ: give a gracious soul all the world, and take away Christ, and you give him stones for bread.

8. The devil's softest pillow is a stony heart.

9. Prayer is a key which unlocks the blessings of the day, and locks up the dangers of the night.

10. Extreme poverty is a strong temptation to dishonesty: it is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

ON THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

In a Letter to the Right Hon. Lady Frances Shirley, by the late Rev. James Hervey.

MY LADY,

ON Saturday in the afternoon, I promised myself a singular pleasure, the pleasure of writing to your Ladyship; but was hindered from enjoying it, by company which could not be left, and my business which could not be postponed.

I think, my Lady, you have a note under my hand, for a few thoughts on *The Love of CHRIST*. How glad am I to pay, as far as my ability will reach, all my obligations to your Ladyship! especially when they are of a nature so peculiarly pleasing. Shall we then consider

The *original* of his love? It is free; perfectly free; without any desert, or the least amiableness in us. We love our kind friends, and generous benefactors: those that are accomplished in themselves, or serviceable to our interests. But CHRIST loved us when we were *sinners*; when we were *forgetful* of him; nay, enemies to him, by evil tempers, and wicked works. He loved us, (O sovereign, most unmerited kindness!) when we deserved

served *nothing*, but utter abhorrence, and eternal vengeance.

The *commencement* of his love. His love is not of yesterday. His love, like his outgoings, is from everlasting. *I have loved thee*, says he to his church, *with an everlasting love*. We value the affection that is of long standing; has taken deep root; and still continues unshaken. *How excellent, then, is thy loving kindness*, O blessed JESUS! which, *before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made*, was fixed upon sinful dust! O! that we, my Lady, should be in the thoughts, be upon the very heart, of GOD's adorable Son, even from the ages of eternity?

The *duration* of his love. It is invariable and eternal. *Having loved his own, he loveth them even unto the end*. It neither began with time, neither will it end with time. As no worthiness in us caused it, so neither will our failings extinguish it; no, nor our infirmities damp it. We change frequently; our holy frames fail; but our adored Redeemer is the *same yesterday, to-day, and for ever*. Fear not then, my honoured Lady, *neither life nor death, nor things present, nor things to come, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the ever tender, the ever constant, the ever triumphant love of GOD our Saviour!*

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The *effects* of his love. It brought him from the heaven of heavens, to dwell in clay, and be lodged in a manger. It brought him from those happy mansions, where is the *fulness of joy*, and where *are pleasures for evermore*; to be *destitute, afflicted, tormented* in this vale of tears. O my Lady! it made him, who is heir of all things, not to have where to lay his head; till he was stretched on the Cross, and laid it in the gloom of the grave. Unparalleled and stupendous! *Who can declare the noble acts of the Redeemer's love, or shew forth its praise?*

The *fruits* of this love. To this is owing all the good we possess or expect; every spiritual and heavenly blessing. If our eyes are enlightened, in any degree, to see the things that belong to our peace: if our desires are awakened, to seek the *inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away*: for this we are indebted to the love and grace of CHRIST. If we are sanctified in part, and desirous to grow in true godliness: if we are perfectly justified before GOD, and adopted to be his sons and daughters: these also are streams, which issue from that inexhaustible fountain, THE LOVE OF CHRIST. As it was stronger than death, in its actings and sufferings; it is richer than all worlds in its precious, precious fruits.

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Justly,

Justly, therefore, does the scripture make use of all the endearing relations, that subsist among mankind, to represent the love of CHRIST. Great is the love of a friend; greater the love of a brother; greater still the love of a parent; greatest of all the love of a bridegroom: but infinitely greater than any, than all, is the love of the ever blessed IMMANUEL to his people. When all has been said, all has been imagined; it transcends every comparison; it exceeds all thought; or, as St. Paul speaks, *it passes knowledge*.—May your Ladyship have more and more exalted apprehensions of it; and live under a delightful sense of its richness and perpetuity!—May it be your sweet incitement to every duty, and your sovereign cordial under all tribulation!—And when eternity, the vast eternity opens, it shall be, in a sense that no heart can conceive, your crown of rejoicing; your exceeding great reward.—And, I hope, you will sometimes pray, that it may be the present comfort, and eternal joy of, my Lady, your Ladyship's much obliged, and most dutiful humble servant,

J. HERVEY.

Miles's Lane, Feb. 4, 1752.

A WORD

A WORD IN SEASON.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver.

Prov. xxv. 11.

THE late excellent and reverend Mr. James Hervey, Rector of Weston Flavel, being one day on a journey, a lady who happened to be in the same carriage with him, was expatiating in a very particular manner on the amusements of the stage, as being, in her esteem, superior to any other pleasures. Among other things she said, "There was the pleasure of thinking on the play before she went, the pleasure she enjoyed when there, and the pleasure of ruminating upon it when on her bed at night." Mr. Hervey, (who sat and heard her discourse without interrupting her) when she had concluded, said to her, that there was one pleasure more besides what she had mentioned that she had forgot. "What can that be?" said she, "for sure I have included every pleasure, when I have considered the enjoyment before hand—at the time—and afterwards. Pray, Sir, what is it?" To which Mr. Hervey, with a grave look, and in a manner peculiarly amiable to himself, answered, "Madam, the pleasure that it will give you on your DEATH-BED."

BED." A clap of thunder, or a flash of lightning could not have struck her with more surprize. The stroke went to her very heart, and she had not one word to say, but seemed quite occupied in thinking upon it. In short, the consequence of that well-timed word was, that she never went any more to the play-house, but became a pious woman, and a follower of those pleasures which would afford her true satisfaction on her death-bed.

OBSERVATION.

ZEUXIS, the famous Grecian painter, used, in the latter part of his life, to give away his pictures, without accepting any thing for them; for which he assigned this reason: "I give away my pictures for nothing, because they are above all price." *Rollin's Arts and Sciences*, vol. i. p. 205.—And does not God freely give us a place in the book of life, an interest in his Son, and a title to his kingdom; nay, does he not make us a present of himself in Christ, because these blessings are above all praise? Too great, too high, too glorious, to be purchased by the works of man!

POETRY.



P O E T R Y.

ODE ON THE HOLY TRINITY.

FATHER of *heav'n* and *earth*! coeval SON!
And co-existing SPIRIT! *Trinal One*!
Mysterious deity; invisible;
Indefinite and omnipresent God,
Inhabiting eternity! Shall dust,
Shall ashes, dare presume to sing of *Thee*?
O for a *David's* heart, and tongue of *fire*,
To *rival* angels in my praise and zeal!
Yet love immense, and gratitude, with awe
Religious mix'd, shall elevate the hymn,
My heart enkindle, and inspire my tongue.

FATHER CREATOR! who beholds thy works,
But catches inspiration! Thou the earth
On nothing hung, and balanc'd in the void
With a magnetic force, and central poise.
Ocean of brightness Thou! Thy grand behest

Flung on thy orb, the *sun*, a *sparkling drop*,
To light the stars, and feed their silver urns
With unexhausted flame; to bid them shine
Eternal in their courses, o'er the blue
Which mantles night, and woo us to repose.
With roscid radiance. They, harmonious roll
In majesty of motion, solemn, loud,
The universal hallelujah: sphere,
In lucid order, 'quiring sweet to sphere,
Deep-felt, and loftier than a *seraph's* song.
The symphony of well-according worlds!
But *man*, thy beam, thy breath, thy image shines
The crown, the glory, and the lord of all;
Of all *below* the stars! a *plant* from heav'n
Traduc'd to spread the riches of its *bloom*
O'er earth, and water'd with etherial dews;
Incorruptible aliment! the birds
Warble among his *boughs*; the cattle, safe,
Pasture within his *shade*; and earth beneath
Th' *imperial umbrage* of his *branches* smiles.
The smiling earth, the spangled spheres, and man
Their great Creator praise! but praise how long
Unless by thy *Almighty arm* upheld,
Preserver infinite? by Thee unless
Upheld, the earth would from her basis reel;
The *spheres* forego their courses, (off their orbs
The silver softness melted into shade)
Obscurely dissonant; and *mortal man*
(Void of all fostering fires) his stately form

To

To dust be moulder'd: *Chaos* would resume
Her ancient anarchy, confusion rule;
And *darkness* swallow ALL. In *Thee* we live,
In *Thee* we move: our *beings* in thy chain,
Link'd to eternity, fasten on *Thee*,
The *pillar* of our *souls*! For me, (how late
A neighbour of the worm!) when I forget
The wonders of thy goodness ray'd on me,
And cease to celebrate, with matin harp
Or vesper song, the plenitude of love,
And healing mercy, may the *nightly pow'r*,
Which *whispers* on my slumbers, cease to breathe
Her *modulating* impulse through my soul;
Untun'd, unhallow'd! discord, string my lyre,
Idly, my finger, press the fretted gold,
Rebellious to the dictates of my hand,
When indolent, to swell the notes for *Thee*,
FATHER of *heaven* and *earth*!—*Coeval* SON!
(His word, his essence, his effulgence pure!)
Not less thy *FILIAL* likeness I adore,
Nor from thy *Father's* glory aught disjoin,
Redeemer! *Mediator*! from the birth
Of uncreated time, thy *Father's* wrath
(Sprung from omniscience!) to appease for *Man*
Upright as yet, to mediate *mercy* wak'd
Unbounded *love* in *Thee*; unbounded love
Contracted to the measure of a *span*
Immensity of *GODHEAD*, and thy crown
Reft from thy *faded* brow. Listen, O earth!

And

And wonder, O ye heav'ns! Shall *He*, whose *feet*
Are cloth'd with *stars*, (the glory of his *head*
For *who can tell?*) whose looks divine illumine
The dazzled eyes of *cherubs*, and the youth
Of *saints* with everlasting bloom *renew*;
Shall *He*, whose vital smiles with splendor fill
The circuits of creation, and sustain
Th' abodes of all existence, from the depths
Of hell beneath, above heav'n's highest orb,
With life, and health, and joy! Shall *He*, to God
Dear as his eye and heart, engraven *there*
Deep from eternity; alone belov'd,
Alone begotten! say, shall *He* become
A man of *grief*———*for man?* nay, more, his *foe*,
Rebellous *next* the fiends?—Astonishment
Had chain'd my tongue to silence, if the pow'rs
Of tenderest pity, and of warmest love,
Provok'd by pensive measures, sadder strains
Of *elegiac* sorrow, with the theme
Mournfully *varying*. Take, my soul redeem!
O take the moaning *dove's* dew-dropping wing,
Fly, fly to *Solyma*! and melt thy woe
To *Cedron's* murmurs:—thence extend thy flight,
To *Golgotha's* accursed tree. Behold!
Clouds roll'd on clouds of wrath (the blackest wrath
Of an offended God!) His beauties shade,
But shade not long: it soon in drops dissolves,
Sweet to the soul as *manna* to the taste,
As pride of summer-flow'r to sight or smell!

Behind

Behind this shadowing cloud, this *mystic* gloom,
The *Sharon* rose, dy'd in the *blood* of Heaven;
The *lily* of the valley, *white* from stain,
Bows the fair head, in loveliness declines,
And, sweetly languishing, it droops and dies!
But, darkness veils the *sun*! a *curtain* draws,
Before the *passion*! beyond wonder great,
Great *beyond* silence! (Awe-struck, *pause* awhile;)
And heavy as the burden of our *sins*!——
'Tis *finish'd*!—Change the lyre,—the numbers change!
Let holy anthem-airs inspire the hymn.—
Glory in heav'n!—Redemption to mankind!
And peace on earth! dominion! blessing! praise!
Thanksgiving! blessing! pow'r! salvation to our God!
Salvation to our God, and to the *Lamb*!
And co-existing Spirit! *Thou*, whose breath
My voice informs, shall it be mute to *Thee*,
Eternal Paraclete! in order, last,
Equal in glory to Omnipotence;
The *FIRST*, as to the *Second*; and from *both*
Proceeding; (O inexplicable *NAME*!)
Mystical link of the *unnumber'd* *THREE*!
To Learning, night; to Faith, the noontide day.
Soul of the universe! Thy wisdom, first
The rage compos'd of warring elements,
Yon all-surrounding heavens, with christal orbs
Garnish'd, and living gems, in goodly ranks
And disciplin'd array, dividing night
From day, their ordinances 'stablish'd sure.

The

Incumbent on the soul, as black as hell,
 Holds godless anarchy: by thee refin'd,
Incens'd, sublim'd and sanctify'd, the soul
 Invites the HOLIEST (O abyss of love!)
 To choose a *temple* purer than the sun,
 Incorruptible, formed not by hands,
 Where best he loves to dwell.—Thou all my bed,
 Most *holy Comforter*! in sickness smooth'd,
 And violet buds and roses, without thorn,
 Shower'd round the couch. From darkness, and the
 vale

Of shadowy death, to pastures fair, and streams
 Of comfort, thy refreshing right-hand led
 My wearied soul, and bath'd in *health* and *joy*!

To light restor'd, and the sweet breath of heav'n,
 Beneath thy *olive boughs*, in plenteous flow,
 The *golden oil* effusing on my head
 Of gladness, let me sit and sing,
 Thy *num'rous* Godhead sparkling in my soul,
 Thyself instilling praises, by thy ear
 Not un approv'd! for wisdom's steady ray,
 Th' enlight'ning gift of tongues, the sacred fires
 Of *poesy* are *Thine, united Three*!
 FATHER of *heav'n* and *earth*! *coeval SON*!
 And co-existing SPIRIT! *Trinal One*!

Y.

PIOUS

PIOUS ASPIRATION.

I Lift my heart, I lift my eyes,
Beyond yon bright etherial skies,
Up to the heavens, where Jesus shines
In power and majesty divine!

My soul with ardent zeal aspire
To this fair object of desire;
Nor let the world, with all its toys,
Tempt thee to slight eternal joys.

One ray from his refulgent light
Will ravish all my powers of sight;
I pant, I long, I thirst to see
One sacred smile, my Lord, from thee!

The shining moon, without this view,
Wears but at best a dismal hue;
Each prospect's dark without my God,
When I'm deny'd a look of love.

Dear Lord, in splendour now appear;
Bid doubts depart, and anxious fear:
Descend, blest Comforter, and shine,
And give me faith to call thee mine!

I long to mount the starry sky,
And view my Saviour eye to eye;
With rapid force I'd wing my way
To realms of bliss, unclouded day.

Z. A.



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No. IV.—VOL. I.

AN ESSAY ON LOVE TO GOD.

Talk they of morals? O thou bleeding Love!

Thou maker of new morals to mankind,

The grand morality is LOVE OF THEE!

NIGHTTHOUGHTS, No. 4.

LOVE to God is the essence of personal religion; without it the most splendid profession is unsatisfying and vain. It will be our attempt in this essay to explain the principles on which God has

N

a right

a right to demand our affections, and the felicity of that man who loves the Lord with all his heart.

I. From the natural relation which subsists between God and the creature, he has a right to demand our affections. When the Almighty formed man, he enriched his soul with a propensity to love; and upon the exercise of this passion the basis of human happiness was formed. Love is the most sensible, operative, visible passion of the human soul, and leads every other in its train; in the exercise of this our first parents, in their primeval state, grasped the vision of JEHOVAH, as the God of universal Nature, and thereby experienced the most inconceivable delight. This claim is consistent with the honour of God, and the interest of his creature, and is supported by an holy and an inflexible law; the tenor of which is, *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength.* Deut. vi. 4, 5. Adam, in Paradise, did thus love the Lord his God; but, on the entrance of sin, the knowledge of God was turned into darkness, the affections were contaminated, enmity reared its baneful head, and man fled with precipitation from the voice of his Maker. Nor was this change in Adam's heart peculiar to him alone—by his *disobedience many were made sinners.* Rom. v. 19. *The carnal mind*

mind is enmity against God; it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. Rom. viii. 7. Jesus said unto the Jews, *I know ye that ye have not the love of God in you.* John v. 42. Thus, although man be under a natural and moral obligation to love God, and the divine right to the creature's affections still abides, the fact is too stubborn to be denied, that mankind, universally so by nature, *are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.* 2 Tim. iii. 4. Let the reader apply this to his own heart, and ask, "Have I loved the Lord with all my heart, with all my soul, and with all my strength?" Surely he has not. This view of human nature calls for deep humiliation. Not to love God is to be destitute of a pure fountain of happiness, and to be exposed to the awful penalty of death, annexed to the law of our Sovereign. Glory be to God, that GRACE has restored what NATURE lost! Therefore,

II. God claims the affections of his people from the principle of their ADOPTION to HIMSELF in CHRIST JESUS flowing from the good pleasure of his will. Eph. i. 5. This, though unintelligible to nature, is the grand theme of revelation, and is the only way in which the depraved sinner can be brought to love the Lord with delight. It was the act of the FATHER to adopt; JESUS engaged to assume

assume our nature, bear our sins, magnify the law of love which we had violated, atone for sin by the shedding of his blood, and prove our adoption in HIMSELF worthy the attributes of JEHOVAH. The SPIRIT of ADOPTION, in the fulness of time, is sent into the conscience of a redeemed sinner, shews him his condemnation for sin, testifies of Christ as a complete Saviour, sheds abroad the love of God in his heart, and enables him to approach and enjoy God as his father. Gal. iv. 4—6. Rom. v. 5. How different is the state and sensibility of such a man to what they were! The enmity of his heart is slain; he feels the force of reconciliation to God, and enjoys peace in his conscience; he neither boasts of loving God upon the principles of nature, nor cavils at adopting grace, but exults in the everlasting, distinguishing love of FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT to him; by which he is brought to know and feel the sweets of loving God. He that enjoys but the smallest degree of love to God, though he may not be able to recite any remarkable circumstances in his conversion, is able to tell you that there was a time when he did not know nor love God; and what little he now enjoys is the fruit of great grace. Thus, *we love God because he first loved us*, sent his SON to die for us, and then gave us his SPIRIT, to
unite

unite our hearts in love to himself, bearing testimony that unless God had thus loved us we never should have been restored to enjoy the sweets of love to him. To this we add,

III. GOD, as the REDEEMER of his people, has a right to their affections, from their personal surrender of themselves to him, as the fruit of his own grace. That heart which reviews its own native wretchedness by transgression, contemplates the boundless love of God in his salvation, and is brought nigh, by the blood of CHRIST, to enjoy the smiles of the EVERLASTING FATHER, remembers that *he is not his own, but bought with a price*. He approaches the Lord by faith and prayer, and adopts the language of David: *Into thine hand I commit my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth*. Ps. xxxi. 5. In the retired chamber, at the water of baptism, at the gates of Zion, and at the table of the Lord, the Christian, in lively emotions of heart, resigns himself to be the Lord's for ever: No part of revealed truth but he receives in the love of it; no command which dropped from his Saviour's lips, whether for private or public obedience, but is embraced with affection; no cross, no suffering, but what he cheerfully welcomes; knowing that the many waters of affliction cannot quench the flame.

of his love to God, neither can the floods of temptation drown it. Sol. Song viii. 7. For the truth of these observations I appeal to the scriptures, and to the experience of the Christian reader. You have not repented giving your hand and heart to HIM who bought you with his blood. From the principle of your surrender to God he addresses you, *My son, give me thine heart.* Prov. xxiii. 26. This claim is founded upon your *sonship*, and is supported by God's endearing relation to you as your *father* in *Christ*. Frequently, in duty and in trial, in providence and in conscience, Christ addresses you in his language to Peter, *Lovest thou me more than these?* John xxi. 15—17. As the High Priest under the law bore the names of the Hebrew tribes upon his breast-plate, so Jesus, the great HIGH PRIEST of our profession, bears his people upon his heart; and by the methods of his grace he makes them to enjoy the comfort of that privilege, and then claims their hearts for himself.

Let us now take these three parts of our subject, and view them as containing the principles of *natural* and *revealed* religion. On the principles of *adopting grace*, the obligation of *nature's law* is not annihilated, but established. *Grace* restores what *nature* lost by sin. Though the honours of *nature* are restored by the obedience of Christ, and
our

our affections claimed by the Lord, remember it is by the display of adopting grace alone. You behold God not as Creator only, but in the new, eternal relation of your Father in Christ. You never can be too well established in this important truth. Not viewing the believer's love, as flowing from his *adoption*, is the principal cause of blending law and gospel, nature and grace, obligation and privilege, together; and, from this almost every other error proceeds. By the gospel your obedience is directed into a new channel, and flows from the precious love of Christ: you are actuated by new motives, have new sources opened for your perseverance in holy obedience, and a sure and certain prospect of *receiving the end of your faith, in the final salvation of your soul.* 1 Pet. i. 9.

Let them, said Deborah, that love the Lord, be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might. Judges v. 31. How pleasing the emblem to describe the happiness of that man who loves the Lord with all his heart! like the sun in the firmament, he stands a monument of JEHOVAH's wisdom and almighty power! As at the brightness of the *sun* the *stars* withdraw their light, so the redeemed of the Lord, washed in the blood of the Lamb, cloathed with the immaculate righteousness of the God-man Christ Jesus, and replenished with
his

his everlasting love, outvies the formal moralist in pure obedience, and eventually he shall outshine the angels in the height of glory above!—As the SUN pursues his course, and *rejoices as a strong man to run a race*, though storm and tempest fill the sky; so the man that loves the Lord shall persevere through the raging tempests produced by earth and hell; and the black clouds of affliction which surround him, shall only tend to make him shine the brighter!—Not as an idle spectator the SUN is placed in the centre of the mundane system, but governing the surrounding *planets*, while his bright beams pierce through all the skies; like the man who loves the Lord, placed in society, diffuses his knowledge, candour, truth, benevolence, and zeal, for the happiness of all around!—In one instance, however, the emblem fails. The period will arrive when that great source of light and heat shall set to rise no more, and be lost amidst the wreck of nature: But *the righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father, for ever and ever.* Mat. xiii. 43.

THE FIGHTING PRELATE.

KING Richard I. in one of his battles with the French, took Philip de Dreux, Bishop of Beauvais, prisoner. The Pope interceded for his liberty, in a letter, wherein he stiled the fighting Bishop *his dearly beloved son*. The King, by way of answer, sent the Bishop's suit of armour, stained with blood and covered with dust, to the Pope, and asked him, *whether he knew his son's coat or no?* The Pope was ashamed at the sight, and left the Bishop to *Richard's* mercy.—A lesson this to POLITICAL CLERGY, to turn their attention wholly to their Master's kingdom, which is not of this world, and to be persuaded, that God can govern the nations of the earth without their aid.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN REGENERATION AND CONVERSION.

REGENERATION is the ACT of God, as *the God of all grace*, turning to the sinner, who, by nature, is *dead in trespasses and sins*—*quickening* the conscience—forming a principle of spiritual

tual life, with all its habits, separate, and as distinct from *the old body of sin*, as the soul itself is from the animal body. Titus iii. 5. Eph. ii. 1. John iii. 6. 1 John iii. 9. The *Image* of God is formed upon this *new creature*, in embryo, as much as the human foetus possesses all the habits, parts, and passions of man. Eph. iv. 24. Col. iii. 10. Rom. viii. 29. Power, unfelt before, is now experienced—a conflict commences in the conscience, between this *new life* and the *body of sin*—a desire is produced, accompanied with an ability to turn unto God as the fountain of mercy, and to enjoy the light, the exercise, and the pleasures, connected with a spiritual state of existence. Ps. cxvi. 4. Acts ix. 6.

CONVERSION is the spiritual deliverance of a soul from a state of regeneration, and is therefore called a birth. John iii. 3—5. It is the motion of the living soul turning to God; and the exertion of spiritual life embracing God, as he is revealed in the scriptures, as the believer's happy portion in Christ Jesus, as much as by natural instinct the new-born infant applies for sustenance to its mother's breast. Jer. xxxi. 18. Sam. iii. 24. Now, the Image of God is displayed in obedience; and life becomes sensibly evident in the exercise of all its faculties. Gal. v. 22. Therefore, he that is *regenerated* shall, in due time, be *converted* to a life of happiness in God.

God; for God cannot have a *still-born* child; *his work is perfect*. Deut. xxxii. 4. Eccl. xi. 5.

To these observations may be added—In REGENERATION the sinner is *passive*; in CONVERSION he is *active*. REGENERATION is, by the secret operation of God's holy spirit, *alone*; CONVERSION is enjoyed by the same Spirit, through the *mean* of the word of truth. REGENERATION is *once*, and *for ever*; CONVERSION is frequently *necessary*. Luke xxii. 32. James v. 19. Let no man think of *conversion*, until he be first *regenerated*: Life must be given before life can either be exercised or enjoyed. Matt. xviii. 3. This great work, of *regeneration* and *conversion*, flows from the everlasting Love of the FATHER, through the Person of his SON CHRIST JESUS; and is produced in the soul of guilty man, by the sovereign, invisible operations of the HOLY GHOST. Jer. xxxi. 3. Eph. ii. 10. John iii. 5, 6.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE KING OF SWEDEN.

THE late King of Sweden was, it seems, under great impressions of spiritual religion for some time before his death. A peasant being once, on a particular

particular occasion, admitted to his presence; the King knowing him to be a person of singular piety, asked him "What he took to be the true nature of *faith*?" The peasant entered deeply into the subject, and much to the King's comfort and satisfaction. The King at last, lying on his death-bed, had a return of his doubts and fears, as to the safety of his soul; and still the same question was perpetually in his mouth to those about him, "What is real *faith*?" His attendants advised him to send for the Archbishop of *Upsall*; who, coming to the King's bed-side, began, in a learned, logical manner, to enter into the scholastic Definition of Faith—The Prelate's Disquisition lasted an hour. When he had done, the King said, with much energy, "All this is ingenious but not comfortable; 'tis not what I want—Nothing, after all, but the Farmer's Faith will do for *me*."

QUESTIONS NECESSARY FOR MINISTERS.

I. **A**RE my motives for the Gospel Ministry of a sinister nature, either seeking the support, or enriching myself or family? for it is recorded, some *take the oversight of the flock for filthy lucre sake;*

fake; and others cry, Put me into the Priest's office; I pray thee, that I may eat a piece of bread.

1 Pet. v. 2. 1 Sam. ii. 36.

II. Am I assured that God hath called me by his grace—changed my naturally depraved heart, and, by his word and Spirit, introduced me to the privileges of his believing family? Unless I am called as a Christian, I have no warrant to believe that I am called as a Minister of God. Gal. i. 15, 16. 2 Cor. iv. 5—7.

III. When first I entered the ministry, were I deeply impressed with a sense of human misery, the virtues of the cross of Christ, and an anxious desire for the conversion of sinners? And have these important truths increased in my estimation, and been operative on my heart to the present moment? 2 Cor. v. 11, 12, 20.

IV. Am I conscious that it is only by the influence of the Holy Spirit that my labours can be made efficacious to men? That, although the ministry be my *duty*, the holy *work* on souls is God's? And in consequence of which, do I habitually feel myself as clay in the hand of the potter, and as a pen in the hand of a ready writer, that God alone may be exalted in his own service? 2 Tim. iv. 17. Phil. iv. 13.

O

V. Am

V. Am I conscious that I am not as those who corrupt the word of God, handle it deceitfully, and walk in craftiness; but renounce the hidden things of dishonesty, and, by manifestation of the truth, commend myself to every man's conscience in the sight of God? And, in my duty, as a minister, do I persevere, regardless either of the smiles or the frowns of men, and study to approve myself unto Christ, my sovereign Lord and only Master? 2 Cor. ii. 17. iv. 1, 2. 2 Tim. ii. 14. Acts xx. 14.

VI. Is it my daily delight to maintain communion with God as the center of my mercy, my joy, and my home? And is it there that I receive my message for the flock, and beg that the truth I convey to others may distil as the dew upon my own soul; thus feeding the people with that sacred food of which I myself have handled, felt, tasted, eaten, and digested in my own soul? Jonah iii. 2. 1 John i. 1, 2.

VII. Do I with confidence look forward to that solemn day when I must give an account of my stewardship, meet the souls who were committed to my care, and expect an admission to the eternal mansions of glory? 2 Cor. v. 10. Heb. xiii. 17. Acts xx. 24.

A SINGULAR

A SINGULAR
INSTANCE OF CONVERSION.

MRS. Mary Gurnee, now of New-York, was a person, like too many others, who lived a life of disobedience, without the knowledge of God, or hope in Christ. Immediately on the delivery of her fourth child, it was seized with violent fits; and as it lay at its mother's side, with its eyes darted upward and its hands clenched, the mother, while beholding the child's agony, said, *Can it be praying?* No, thought she, it has no sin of its own to pray for. Instantly a thought darted to her mind, swift as the lightning from the east,—*The child is praying for its ungodly mother, that never yet prayed for herself!* In a few hours the child died. The conviction of disobedience and guilt, however, lived within the mother's breast, and produced a visible reformation of life. Some time after she obtained a sense of pardon in the blood of the Lamb, and for several years since has walked worthy of her christian profession.

How wonderful are the ways of the Almighty! and how rich his grace to sinners! Mrs. G. could not read:—The child must be born, however short, to live long enough to be the silent bearer of a solemn

lemn message to the mother's heart, and then to close its eyes in death, as having nothing more to do on earth!

FEMALE DOMESTIC EDUCATION.

Dialogue between a Mother and her Daughter.

Mother. **M**Y daughter, shall we retire from the dining-table; leave your father and his friends to enjoy their conversation, and take a tour in the garden?

Daughter. I am happy, Madam, in accepting your proposal.

Mother. How beautiful is yon bed of tulips! How fragrant the scent of that *mignonette*! What a charming *rose* is this!

Daughter. No flower seems to engage my attention equal to this admirable *carnation*—how lively its colours?

Mother. Charming indeed! yet expressive emblem of the fading beauties of human nature! *Man cometh up as a flower, and is cut down.* Job xiv. 2. How promising in his advance! How delightful his bloom! How short its duration!—How soon, my daughter, may the beauties of youth, like the leaves

leaves of yonder rose, fade, and moulder in the dust?—Let us enter the *grove*, and enjoy the cooling shade.—How agreeable this arbour!

Daughter. Charming retreat indeed!—I wish I had a book to read.—

Mother. Let us take a seat, my daughter—I will avail myself of this retired spot, and converse with you upon a subject that concerns your welfare.—As you have now finished your education at the boarding-school, I wish you to cultivate an acquaintance with domestic life.

Daughter. I think, Madam, my governess has sufficiently instructed me in plain and ornamental needle-work; and if you have no objection, I should be pleased to spend my time in reading a very fine set of novels, which Mr. Lovewell has obligingly offered me—Miss Amelia tells me she has derived great pleasure from the perusal of them.

Mother. In the past experience of my life, I have found, my child, that the choice of books were as cautiously to be selected as our companions; and, that they have an equal tendency, either to vitiate the mind, or mend the heart. However new or alluring the publication, I have always found in those novels a golden bait, suited to the youthful breast, and which diffuses the baneful poison of dissipation; and, as those volumes are

generally formed from fiction, there are books of *truth* and *refinement*, more worthy of your perusal; a list of which I will write you at my leisure. But, Eliza, you perfectly misunderstood me, when I recommended to you the study of domestic life. I know your competency in needle-work; but, should you live, and be favoured with a virtuous husband, he will certainly expect something more from you than simply making him a shirt. With such a qualification only I do not think a woman worth a prudent man's acceptance; nor would such an one cut a very good figure in a family. It is not only necessary for a mother to set at her table, and partake of an agreeable repast with her children, or her friends, but she should know the preparation of every dish that may be placed upon it.

Daughter. La, mamma, you did not mean to send me into the kitchen, did you? (*Miss flirts her fan, and throws back the ringlets of her hair, as a mark of disapprobation.*)

Mother. Most certainly I did, my dear,—not as a servant, but as my daughter,—not as to a place of servitude, but as in a school.

Daughter. Do you think, mamma, that Mrs. Gay means to send Maria and Charlotte into the kitchen? They tell me their father has bought for them a heap of novels, finely bound; and the ladies

dies are now to receive company, and make visits, to prepare them for polite life.

Mother. To make and receive visits are highly necessary for young persons, when properly selected and virtuously conducted: nor do I wish, my daughter, that, on your return from the boarding-school, you should find a prison in your father's house. Mrs. Gay's mode of introducing her daughters into life may make them fine ladies, but cannot make them good wives or valuable mothers; nor can such a domestic education, if such it may be called, promise any real benefits to society.—Your expectations, like the young ladies you just named, may be placed upon the gift of a fortune by your father: but, my child, Providence, by various vicissitudes, may deprive your parent of an ability to gratify you. In such a case, it will be my ambition, that you be mistress of that knowledge, prudence, and industry, that may recommend you to public attention. A man may spend a woman's fortune; but her domestic accomplishments will ever remain a valuable acquisition to herself and to her family.

Daughter. Madam, your arguments make a deep impression upon my mind; and as I know you love me, it shall be my happiness to submit to your instruction.

Mother.

Mother. As a proof of my affection for you, my daughter, I have prepared a plan for your domestic conduct—here it is, and I wish you to read it to me. *(Eliza reads.)*

*Plan of Domestic Life for Miss Eliza Semour,
By her affectionate mother.*

By leave of the Almighty arise at six in the morning in summer, and at seven in winter; instantly on being dressed read a psalm, and as God may help you, acknowledge, by prayer, the protection of his hand through the night, and beseech his smiles through the day. Now, adjust your chamber, nor suffer one article, from the *bed* to the *floor*, to escape your attention; then, if you chuse, as the weather may permit, take a turn in the garden, employ your needle, or read a few passages in a profitable volume.

At eight o'clock, as usual, you will wait on your father for family prayer;—eat your breakfast with cheerfulness and gratitude, and then you shall receive from my hand a *bill of fare* for dinner. With this—

You will enter the kitchen; address the servants, not as beneath your notice, nor as your equals; but with that pleasing affability which may at once gain you their attention and esteem. Carefully observe

observe the necessary preparations, mark every procedure, examine the nature and qualities of every article for the table—the manner and the time of dressing;—nor stand as spectator only; according to your ability put your hand to the paste, the jellies, or the soups, that on any neglect or change of servants, you may gratify your father's table with a supply.—Should any tradesmen enter the kitchen, while you are present, conduct towards them with all courtesy, least they should imagine pride to have been your acquisition at the boarding-school. To assist you in the kitchen, you shall receive from me an excellent volume on the art of cookery.

Now, you may retire to your chamber, change your apparel, and be ready for the table.

After dinner, there are so many innocent, useful, pleasing ways for improving your time, I can scarce give you a full enumeration;—reading, music, drawing, writing, needle-work, walking, visiting. Among the many pleasing employments, however new, I must recommend you one, taught me by my pious, honoured father. We are, my child, surrounded with many honest, industrious poor; these, on every slight indisposition of their families, are unable to employ a physician's aid. Although I do not expect you to study, or be a proficient

proficient in *Materia Medica*, I wish you to study the nature and utility of those common, simple medicines, suited to the ordinary complaints of human nature; nor need I mention those more incident to your own sex. I will offer you my assistance in this undertaking, and give you leave to prepare for your closet an assortment of such jellies as the poor are unable to provide; and in the distribution of these, you will be productive of more advantage to others, and create more sublime satisfaction, than in reading Tom Jones, the Arabian Night's Entertainment, or passing the rounds of dissipation.

As I wish you to commence my *house-keeper*, I shall, on a Monday, give you such a portion of money as may answer the tradesmen's demand the ensuing week; the expenditures of which you will accurately enter every evening, and make a final settlement with me on the Saturday. This will have a tendency to lead you into the knowledge of the markets, and preserve you in the habit of writing and arithmetic; while it will afford me a desirable opportunity to present you with such *tokens* of my approbation, as your attention and my affection may dictate.

The employments of your evenings will be various: your father and myself will be often delighted

lighted by your conversation, reading, and practice of music.

After your father has discharged the duties of the evening, and by prayer committed his family to the protection of the Almighty, you can retire to your chamber, where, after adjusting your apparel with neatness and care, you will, I hope, commit yourself, by prayer, into the hand of that God who alone must prove the guide of your youth and the strength of your growing years.

Daughter. Dear mamma, I return you my affectionate thanks for this expression of your maternal care, and hope to make some small return by my obedience.

Mother. At some future period I shall wish, my child, to enter into conversation with you upon a subject still more important. As the afternoon declines, we will return by way of the kitchen-garden. How agreeable the spot! How richly stored with vegetables! How carefully our industrious gardener's hand hath passed over the beds! Not a weed appears—and every crop is so accurately adjusted as to afford the highest satisfaction. Thus, you see, my daughter, as we entered, we were entertained with the beauties of the flower-garden; as we retire, we are encouraged by the kitchen-garden

to

to expect a rich supply for our family.—So, my daughter, may you add the industrious house-wife to the accomplished lady, and afford the most pleasing satisfaction to your parents.

(To be continued.)

SPECIMEN OF A DIARY.

MONDAY MORNING.

*Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
Open with prayer the consecrated day;
Tune Thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
And with the mounting Sun ascend the skies;
As that advances, let my zeal improve,
And glow with ardour of consummate love;
Nor cease at eve, but with the setting Sun
My endless worship shall be still begun.*

Dr. YOUNG.

ANOTHER week unfolds its busy scenes! Yet, in wisdom are its events concealed; nor dare I once presume to search the secret will of God. Enough, my God is wise—he cannot err. His goodness, too, forbids him to be unkind in all he may vouchsafe to do. Come, then, my soul; let hope or fear, pleasure or pain, sickness or health, profit

profit or loss, life or death, await my steps the opening week; to all I cheerfully resign, while Christ is mine and I am his. Let me then resolve, resolve with patience, to run the race now set before me, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of my faith. O! let the recollection of that rich plenitude of goodness, hitherto attendant on my path, prompt me to advance; for as my day, my strength shall be. How animated in this resolve, from the pleasures yesterday derived from the Lord on Zion's holy hill! There God was known as a sure refuge; and there I beheld the beauties of my Saviour, and triumphed in his love! Preserved through the dangers of the night, to behold another rising sun, what gratitude is due to my almighty Lord! O! let them deeply impress my heart, and prompt my soul afresh to walk with God. Come, blessed Saviour; whatever may now await my steps, do thou afford thy friendly aid, and grant thy sweetest smiles! Trusting to myself, I shall surely err, wander from thy embraces, and deeply wound my heart. Ten thousand snares await without, while ten thousand greater evils lurk within my breast, to tempt my feet in paths of guilt. O thou Keeper of Israel! into thine arms I commit my soul. In thy strength I will now advance, and this

day strive to live to Thee as though with it I may close my mortal life.

NOON.

How insensibly the busy world steals upon the soul ! How extremely hard is it to use the world with my hand, and leave the heart entire for God ! In the morning, how composed and resolute was my frame ! I thought nothing should this day disturb my tranquility—but it seems I am too soon irritated, and taken off my guard by the various business of the day. How much happier are those who move in an humble, private sphere, than such whose backs are loaded with ten thousand cares, which must eventually be all thrown into the grave, if not before reduced by some trying Providence ! Lord, teach me the vanity and danger of transitory bliss, and the infinite importance of a future state ! Let integrity and uprightness preserve my steps in every worldly path. Cast thou thy sacred smiles upon my heart, and they shall draw my soul to Thee, and make me more than blessed. Whom, blessed Saviour ! whom should I have in heaven but Thee ? and what object should I desire on earth, but thy glorious self ? The rich experience of thy love is better to me than thousands of the purest gold, and shall fill my heart with solid joy,
when

when the streams of earthly pleasures run dry.—
Come, then, thou, my Guide and only Friend,—
come, support me through the remaining duties of
the day, and let the evening close in peace!

EVENING.

Shut the door of worldly thoughts, and learn,
my soul, to close the day with God. But ah! how
stupid is my frame! I would fain review the suc-
cessive events of this day—mourn over my follies—
feel grateful for my mercies—and, in sweet assur-
ance, cast myself, with all I have, into my Saviour's
arms. But whence this numbness, and amazing
gloom of mind? Strange, that in so few hours my
frame should pass through so many changes! Un-
certain as the weather!—in the morning, a serene
sky, and a bright rising sun; in the evening, mist
and heavy clouds. What a mercy that, although
I am such a fluctuating creature, God, the Eternal
God, knows not the shadow of a change! Here
rests my hope—and from hence will I derive my
peace. Jesus, thou art the same yesterday, to-day,
and for ever. Thou art the true Friend that loveth
at all times,—the sun that ever shines, though storm
and tempest fill the sky. While, therefore, blessed
Lord, I would mourn for my dark and distressing
frame of mind, I would plead thy unchanging grace
to

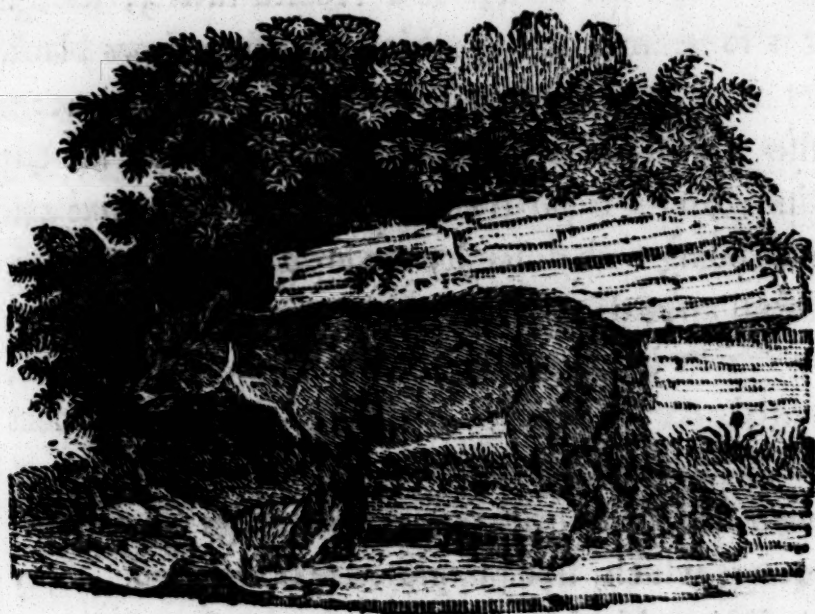
to dissipate my clouds. May I not ask for one ray of thy light, before I lay me down to rest?—Can it be well-pleasing to thee, that I should shut my eyes in sleep without a smile from thee?—Come, Lord, though the sun in the firmament be set to our hemisphere, and the time of sleep be come; thou canst arise as the glorious Sun of righteousness;—diffuse thy joy within my breast, and fill my soul with prayer and praise! Thus will I lay me down in peace, for thou, Lord, canst make me dwell in safety. Thou shalt draw the curtains of thy Providence around my bed, and give thine holy angels charge concerning me. If my bed should prove my tomb, may I arise to a better morning, and meet thee in the skies! If spared to tread again the thorny path of life, may I honour thy gracious Name, and wait the appointed hour, until my change shall come. Even so, blessed Saviour! amen.

ANECDOTE.

HENRY I. made the length of his own arm a standard measure (since called a *yard*) throughout England.—Do not bigots act much the same part in matters of religion?

NATURAL

NATURAL HISTORY.



THE FOX.

THE Fox, in Greek *Alopex*; in Hebrew *Shual*, is an animal of the dog kind, much resembling the common dog in form, and of the size of the spaniel. It differs, however, from the common dog in the length, dense disposition, and softness of the hairs, especially those about its tail, which is bushy, and much admired by the animal itself, and in cold weather wrapped round his nose; and in its smell, which is peculiarly rank and offensive. It is said,

that the fox makes use of its urine, which is remarkably scented, to force the cleanly badger from its habitation, and takes possession of it for himself. Its usual colour is a reddish tawny, though it is sometimes found white, and sometimes black. Its manner of digging itself a hole in the earth is also a custom wholly different from all the dog kind; and it is far from the tameness of that animal, being with difficulty made to lose its fierceness. Of all animals the fox has the most significant eye, by which it expresses every passion of love, fear, hatred, &c. The fox is a crafty, lively, libidinous animal; it breeds only once a year, unless some accident befalls its first litter, and brings four or five young, which, like puppies, are born blind. They are distinguished by different names: the *greyhound fox* is the largest, tallest, and boldest, and will attack a grown sheep or wether: the *mastiff fox* is less, but more strongly built: the *cur fox* is the least, lurks about hedges and out-houses, and is the most pernicious to the feathered tribe. The first of these has a white tip to the tail; the last a black. The skin of this animal is furnished with a soft and warm fur, which is frequently used to make muffs, &c. The fox in the first year is called a *cub*; in the second a *fox*; and afterwards an *old fox*. It is a beast of chase, usually very prejudicial to the husbandman,

bandman, by taking away and destroying his lambs, geese, and poultry; but in vineyards he commits the greatest devastation, by eating the grapes and destroying the vines. His sagacity and genius for stratagem is peculiarly observable in his plunders. He is fond of honey; and as the wasps and bees fasten on his skin, he either drowns them in water, or crushes them to death by rolling on the ground, till they are forced to leave him in unmolested possession of their cells. The very fretful porcupine, in the expansion of its prickles, he wearies out, by his artful and teasing tricks, and then kills and eats him. When pinched with hunger, he indiscriminately feeds on quadrupeds, fowls, fishes, and vegetables; nothing comes amiss to him. The common way to catch him is by gins, which being baited, and a train made by drawing raw flesh across his usual paths or haunts to the gin, it proves an inducement to lure him to the place of destruction. He is sometimes taken by hunting, of which sport the dogs are extremely fond, though it often proves very offensive to the nose of the huntsman. This creature, on being pursued, shews astonishing powers of running, turning, winding, fighting, and eluding the hounds, often urining upon his tale, to strike his pursuers in the face; and when he finds himself without farther resource, he boldly faces about,

about, calls up his courage, and struggles for his life with the most desperate and bloody resolution.

IMPROVEMENT.

HOW remarkable is it, that such a creature as the fox, so sly, even to a proverb, so filthy in his nature, and so destructive in his life, should be favoured with such peculiar instinct, as to provide himself with so commodious and secure an habitation! Yet, infinitely more remarkable, and which claims our highest astonishment, JESUS, the SON OF GOD, whose heart was replete with love, and whose hands were filled with beneficence to perishing men, that the ADORABLE LORD, PROPRIETOR of heaven and earth, so emptied himself, and submitted to so deep a state of poverty, as to compel him to say to the enquiring scribe, *The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath no where to lay his head.* Matt. viii. 20.—Yes, Jesus left the habitation of his glory, to rescue me from the den of the damned: he denied himself an habitation on earth, that he might grant me a mansion in heaven!

JESUS, the true judge of human nature, compared *Herod*, who sought his life, to a *fox*, [Luke xiii. 32.] cruel, crafty, bold in rapine. Such are all those who wickedly hate the sheep of Christ's flock;

flock ; whose crooked, irregular paths of disobedience expose them to the curse of God's law ; whose filthy nature, by sin, is not changed by grace to serve the Lord in pleasurable obedience.—A man may have the splendour of a *Herod*, but if not changed by grace, he is but a filthy fox still.

The *foxes*, and the *little foxes*, who spoil the vines with tender grapes, recorded in 2 Sol. Song. xv. may intend those false *Teachers* and *Professors* who creep under the fence of God's vineyard, the Church, to disturb and destroy the ungodly. How sly, malignant, voracious, deceitful, and abominably filthy are these ! Ezek. xiii. 4. Prov. 30. 12. They walk in craftiness, use good words and fair speeches, whereby they deceive the hearts of the simple. These foxes should be *taken*—detected in their first efforts—drove from the vineyard ; not burned with *fire and faggot*, but *taken* by prayer to that God who can change the *fox* into a *lamb*. Wherever, and as long as God hath a vine of grace in the vineyard of his church, a *cub fox*, a *grown fox*, or an *old fox* will long for the grapes.



P O E T R Y.

TO A LADY, ON SEEING HER CLOSET.

*Oh lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude to be alone.
Communion sweet! communion large and high!
Our reason, guardian angel, and our God!
Then nearest these when others most remote.*

YOUNG.

SAY, can I enter this sequester'd bow'r,
Where fair Melodia spends the serious hour,
And not the humble muse attempt a song?
A muse, the meanest of the tuneful throng.

Hail, Meditation! source of sweeter joys
Than ever sprang from vain Amusement's noise:
Shunn'd by the giddy, hated by the gay;
But who fatigued, and who deceiv'd as they?

Friendship would wish, nor may it wish in vain,
Blessings descending in a numerous train;

A rich

A rich return for ev'ry just desire
That hence ascends in pure Devotion's fire.

Friendship would wish, Melodia here may find
Peace in her soul, and vigour in her mind:
A present God, a heaven begun within,
Faith conquering Fear, and Grace subduing Sin.

In this retreat may bright Devotion reign,
With sacred pleasures smiling in her train;
In this retreat may female genius shine,
To beautify the sentimental line.

Melodia's page can never fail to please,
Each thought express'd with elegance and ease;
Her modest wit, her piety and sense
Stamp real worth on all imparted hence.

Proceed, Melodia, with increasing skill,
Dispensing pleasure, and improving still;
But, O ingenious maid! be health your care—
Prudence forbids your *late* continuance here.

May earth detain you long, a useful guest,
To friends a blessing, and by friendship blest:
If cares invade, my inward peace prevail,
Nor God withdraw, nor closet pleasures fail.

J. O.

THE

THE GLORY OF CHRIST.

O For a seraph's flaming tongue
To tell what my Redeemer's done,
To shew the people all his worth,
And set the wond'rous Saviour forth.

Could I but paint his beauteous name,
Or draw the outlines of his fame,
The world would sure enamour'd be,
Nor one deny his Deity.

Compell'd by his redeeming love,
He left the blissful choirs above,
Eloped from those triumphant lays
Which constant echo forth his praise.

Down to this lower world he came
To bear the guilty sinner's shame,
And carry all that weight of woe
Which none but God could undergo.

Thus, having wrought our righteousness,
And purchas'd by his blood our peace,
Back to the heavenly realms be fled,
His people's ever-living Head.

And now he intercedes above,
And still retains the tend'rest love:

He

He hears our groans, he notes our sighs,
And all our needful wants supplies.

He soon will bid th' archangel come,
To blow his trump, and call us home;
His fav'rites then shall mount above,
And bask for ever in his love.

For love like this, ye saints, arise
Superior to all earthly ties:
Proclaim the Saviour's praise abroad,
And magnify the Triune God.

FRATER.

SPRING IMPROVED.

THE Winter's past, with all its sable train,
And blooming Spring once more is seen again;
Nature reviv'd, appears in beauteous forms;
The rising hills, and the adjacent lawns,
In bright prosperity sit smiling round,
While woods and groves with joyful shouts resound:
The fields again renew their verdant green,
And add fresh grandeur to the pleasing scene;
The budding tribe are opening into flowers,
Refresh'd by gentle, salutary showers;
The mute creation bids our wonder rise,
In grateful tributes to the upper skies;

Q

While

While airy songsters of the woodlands sing
The auspicious period of returning spring;
Their warbling notes are tuned in softest lays,
Yet loudly speak their great Creator's praise;
Music's soft voice in innocence is heard,
In grateful echoes to the sovereign Lord.
Shall man be mute, and not attempt to raise
A ready tribute to Jehovah's praise;
Whose matchless goodness bids the Spring to dawn,
To forward harvest, and revive the corn?
His tender care provides an ample store,
Supplies the needy and the neighbouring poor.
For us this earth performs its annual round,
And every season knows its utmost bound.
Awake my soul, let sweet reflection rise
On loftiest wings to yon ethereal skies,
Where are sweet fields of never fading green,
No withering joys but perfect bliss is seen.
Great God my wintry frame I daily mourn,
Give the command and Spring shall now return:
Thou Sun of Righteousness arise, and shine
With bright refulgence on this heart of mine:
Bid gloomy Winter never more appear,
But beauteous Spring bless each revolving year!

E. E.

THE

THE PENITENT RESTORED.

'T WAS in an hour when sin prevail'd,
And sore temptations prest,
A sudden groan my ear assail'd,
And pierc'd my shiv'ring breast.

I turn'd and shed a pitying flood
At what mine eyes survey'd,
A Prince expiring in his blood,
And on a cross display'd.

I knew him, tho' his thorny crown
Dimm'd his majestic air:
And turn'd, demanding with a frown,
"What traitor fix'd him there."

No answer to my voice I heard,
Nor could discern a foe!
When, lo! his fainting head he rear'd,
And spake in words of wee:

"Cease, wretch, from vain inquiry rest,
"My cruel murd'rer see;
"Thy hands have rent my bleeding breast,
"And nail'd me to the tree."

Trembling I fell, and kiss'd his wounds,
And wept the gore away;

I saw

I saw him smooth his killing frowns,
And heard him gently say :

“ Rise, let thy heart its grief compose,
“ Thy Saviour can forgive;
“ He feels the burden of thy woes,
“ And dies to bid thee live.”

For me! a wretch so vile and base,
Shall thy dear blood be shed!
O doom me to that just disgrace,
And nail me in thy stead!

Too great my guilt, allow'd too long,
And, O! too oft exprest;
I fear to think thy love so strong,
And dare not hope the rest.

Be hush'd, attend thy Saviour's voice;
He cries, “ My brother, friend!”
And bid my troubled soul rejoice,
And all her sorrows end.

To me he turns, he smiles, he speaks,
“ Receive the grace you crave.”—
And thus vile sinners still he seeks,
And seeking, loves to save!

OBITUARY.

O B I T U A R Y.

APRIL 15, 1796, departed this life Mrs. ELIZABETH HARRIOT HAMILTON, an ACTRESS on the STAGE in New-York.—*Presuming the circumstances attending this lady's death may be interesting to the reader, and as the EDITOR carefully preserved minutes of the conversation he had with her, they are now made public.*

On invitation, I visited Mrs. Hamilton, with whom I had an acquaintance for several years: entering her chamber she thus addressed me:—*Sir, never was I more happy to see any one than yourself. This with me is a period of distress. I sink fast into mortality. O what a dark gulph appears before me! My soul hath no hope; no, not one ray of light to cheer my passage to eternity. The physician tells me he can do no more. Then, said I, you need something to bear you above all that's mortal. O!* replied she, *I do, I do, indeed! O that I could with Barnwell say, 'I FIND A POWER WITHIN, THAT BEARS MY SOUL ABOVE THE FEARS OF DEATH, AND, SPITE OF CONSCIOUS SHAME AND GUILT, GIVES ME A*

TASTE OF PLEASURES MORE THAN MORTAL.' G. Barnwell, Act 5. *How many times has that play been recited, while the heart was a stranger to the subject! But, I feel my need of mercy to bear my guilty soul through death, and fit me for the skies!* After reciting to her the fulness of Christ, his ability to save, and the consolations with which, even now, he could bless her, I prayed with her, and was about to take my leave, when she grasped my hand, and with flowing tears urged me to repeat my visit:—*O Sir, who knows—God may make you an instrument to save my guilty soul!* Assuring her that salvation was alone to be found in Christ, and that it was the office of his Spirit to reveal it to her heart, I left her chamber.

On my second visit, interrogating her on the state of her mind, she replied, *My mind 'IS ILL AT EASE.'* *O that I had one glimpse of hope! Darkness covers my mind, and I feel more than adamant hardness within my guilty heart. What a dreadful thing is it to be on the precipice of eternity, to know the gospel, and not to feel it! The religious education I received from my parents, who were attendants at the late Dr. Mason's church in this city, now reproves my soul, and covers me with shame. Were I restored to perfect health, and possessed the wealth of ten thousand*

thousand globes, with one smile from God I would wish to depart from this scene of woe. Although, continued she, my companions who tread the stage are not, perhaps, more wicked than others, yet our employ is a path of temptation that precludes almost a thought for immortality. Many excellent morals are set us in the compositions we perform, but they are diverted from our hearts. We seldom enjoy the sabbath. On a Saturday we often play; fatigued on the sabbath, we have no ability for devotion, and are frequently obliged to learn for future play. Thus absorbed, my soul has been most grossly neglected. Should I be raised again from this bed, having one smile from God, I would sooner beg my bread than tread the stage again—Yes, the most menial employ shall rather fill my days, than I pursue a path so big with sorrow at the end!—I cannot but wish, if I should be raised to health, as life from the dead, that my future days may be employed in adoration of my deliverer. Yet, for life am I not anxious. Not as I will, but as thou wilt, O blessed Saviour! Only grant me one smile from Thee, I am content to live or die. Could this heart arise to God—could this soul enjoy liberty with heaven, I should not fear to die. Disclosing this sensibility of mind, I more fully explained to her the fulness
and

and freeness of salvation, in the person, blood, and righteousness of the Son of God; to be known and enjoyed only by the teaching of the Holy Spirit;—that sinners, like herself, the vilest sinners, sensible of their need of mercy, are encouraged, by the promises of God, to hope for that invaluable blessing. This salvation is worthy a God to provide, and necessary for a sinner to receive for everlasting happiness.—To this she listened with that solemn, eager attention, that it may be said, “her soul was in her eyes.” *Ah! said she, this suits my case, and encourages my hope.*

On my next visit she addressed me, *Sir, my mind is as the ocean, after agitated by tempest, and cast into roiling billows, now begins to settle into a calm—I feel much composed—Numberless passages of scripture occur to my thoughts; yes, Sir, to my guilt and shame—I speak it, many promises now occur, which have not passed my mind for many years, and seem to draw my discomposed heart into a calm.—“What a mercy is it,” said I, “that God should reveal to us such promises in his word! How ungenerous those who, by ridicule, would deprive us of that sacred volume! But, my friend, what passages have afforded you relief?”—True, Sir, replied she, were the Bible untrue, or removed from me, what could encourage my guilty*

guilty soul that I should meet with a pardon from my Judge! nothing but deep despair would hover before my eyes. That passage in Lam. iii. 21, 22. much encourages me. THIS I RECALL TO MIND, THEREFORE HAVE I HOPE. IT IS OF THE LORD'S MERCIES THAT WE ARE NOT CONSUMED, BECAUSE HIS COMPASSION FAIL NOT. But particularly Isa. i. 18. COME NOW AND LET US REASON TOGETHER, SAITH THE LORD; THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET, THEY SHALL BE AS WHITE AS SNOW; THOUGH THEY BE RED LIKE CRIMSON, THEY SHALL BE AS WOOL. *These scriptures suit my state, and give me some prospect of mercy. The relief they have afforded me these forty-eight last hours, is indescribable. O that Jesus would grant me one smile, however faint; it would be worth more to me than millions of worlds! By thinking upon the parable of the unjust judge, who heard the widow's cry, and our Lord's improvement upon it, I am encouraged that he will hear me also. You know, Sir, there is a DOOR, TO HIM THAT KNOCKETH IT SHALL BE OPENED, AND WHOSOEVER SEEKETH, SHALL FIND.*

On my next visit I found her mind much discomposed; the cause of which was the recollection of the following circumstance:—While in the West-

West-Indies, she was persuaded, by an Episcopal clergyman, to receive the Lord's Supper, which, said she, *was without knowledge and faith in Christ, or real love to Him*; and which, she concluded, ranked her among those who were guilty of the body and blood of Christ. I informed her, that in my early days, through ignorance and persuasion, I had done so myself: when I was brought to the knowledge of the Lord, it deeply impressed my spirits; but, by an application of this scripture, **THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST CLEANSETH FROM ALL SIN**, I enjoyed relief. To this she paused, lifted up her eyes to heaven, and then proceeded:—*Could I attain one ray of solid hope; enlivened by faith in Christ, I would quit the world without a sigh. At times, I feel my heart expand to Jesus—I feel I love him in my heart—nay, my soul seems full of love; but, at other times I feel so full of guilt and fear, it bears me down with grief.*

On my last visit I found her attended by a Philadelphian friend, who intimated to Mrs. Hamilton the propriety of her withdrawing, with the nurse, while she conversed with me; to whom she replied, *No, you need not go out; I have nothing to say that I need be ashamed of; I have only to tell my need of a Saviour, and there is no shame in that.*

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She was sensible that her end was approaching. At intervals, she said, *her heart felt a secret hope in God, and a warm love to Christ; but was frequently so much absorbed by temptation and pain, that none but Christ could support her.* Still her earnest cry was for the sensible smiles of the Saviour, with which, she said, *she could instantly resign her breath.* I told her, neither she, nor I, deserved a smile from God; it was a rich mercy if he made us sensible of our guilt, and led us, by faith for salvation, to the bleeding cross of his Son: if this be our case, the smiles shall come by and by. *O!* replied she, *it is at the cross I rest, and I must wait and knock until the Lord shall answer.* I prayed with her, and took my final leave.

Death now made a rapid advance; yet Mrs. Hamilton seemed incessant in prayer. Her friend informed me, that on asking her of the state of her mind a little before her departure, she replied, *I am still seeking—still knocking!* Then lifting up her eyes to heaven, and clasping her hands, in solemn, powerful accents she exclaimed, *My God! my God! am I forsaken? Then I will rap yet the harder!* Agonizing under dissolving nature, she continued in silent prayer, until she closed her eyes in death, aged fifty-two years, twenty-six of which she

she had spent, to her manifest grief, on the delusive vanities of the stage.

Though Mrs. Hamilton was never chargeable, so far as I have ever heard, with a profligate life, nor did she ever intimate this in my conversation with her, yet it was evident, that her entrance and continuance on the stage gave her the most pungent distress. The occupation of an *actress* she considered as dangerous, exposing to numerous temptations, and inconsistent with a christian profession. — Charity leads us to believe, that she found that *repentance*, carefully fought with tears, and experienced the virtue of the blood of Christ, which *cleanseth from all sin*.

No farther seek her merits to disclose,
Or draw her frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose
Upon the bosom of their Saviour, God.



THE
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No. V.—VOL. I.

AN ESSAY
ON CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

*This is the scene of combat, not of rest;
Man's is laborious happiness at best:
On this side death his dangers never cease—
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.*

EXPERIENCE is knowledge and advantage arising from practice: evangelically, as applied to christians, it is the knowledge and enjoyment of God, arising from the conflict in the soul between
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nature and grace; flesh and spirit; the old man and the new. Although the experience of the heart admits of different degrees of combat and sensibility, light and darkness, pleasure and pain, yet there can be no christian, as such, without some measure of experience; it is absolutely inseparable from his existence as a believer, either as a babe, a young man, or a father, in Christ. A subject, therefore, of this magnitude is worthy a place in this publication, and demands the most serious attention of our numerous readers.

The AUTHOR of christian experience is the Spirit of God. This sentiment our Lord taught in his discourse to the Jews: *He that believeth on me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living waters. This spake he of the Spirit which they that believe on him should receive.* John vii. 38, 39. To the woman of Samaria he explained the same truth: *Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.* John iv. 14. This well is dug in the sinner's *Regeneration*; the sacred water springs in *Conversion*, flows through every channel of *Obedience*, replenishes the heart under the severest sufferings, and creates those sublime pleasures which bear the soul above the fears of death, in prospect

prospect of immortal joys. Nor can we omit citing the great channel of experience which our Lord hath given us under the expressive emblem of the *vine and the branches*, the vital sap of which, the power of the Blessed Spirit, produces the buds of desire, the leaves of profession, the fragrant flowers of comfort, and the richest fruit of love to God and man. The experience of God's grace and love, the essence of religion, can no more be enjoyed in the breast of a sinner without the Spirit of God, than the branch can bear fruit without a living union with the vine. John xv. 1—5. As it was the office and work of CHRIST to make atonement for sin, by the shedding of his blood; so it is the office and work of the SPIRIT to bring sinners into the knowledge and experience of that great salvation. For a man to profess his faith in the person and work of Christ, without being able to give a testimony of the work of the Spirit upon his heart, is the most awful delusion—*If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his*, let his profession be as brilliant as it may. Rom. viii. 9.

The STANDARD of experience is the gospel of Christ. As the Holy Ghost dictated the authors of the bible, so the gospel, in all its variety, fulness and glory, is applied to a believing soul *in the demonstration of the same Spirit, and of power.*
1 Thess.

1 Theff. i. 5. ii. 13. *To the law, and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them.* Isaiah viii. 20. It is in the volume of revelation alone that we know how God pardons sin—how it is our guilty conscience can have peace with God—how we may walk happily with him—what are the enemies we have to fight against—and by what means we are made more than conquerors. It is here alone that we learn the great, the glorious act of JEHOVAH, in adopting his children in Christ—what are their features, trials, mercies, duties, privileges, and security. A considerable part of this sacred book exhibits, in the most lively colours, the EXPERIENCES of God's children, for many thousand years; and it is most certain, that there is no man who has been made a partaker of God's grace, but has found, in the lives of bible saints, an exact copy of his own frames, feelings, fears, hopes, and joys. Let the men of grace be of whatever language, nation, or particular visible denomination, they may, the pure language of experience which God promised to turn to the people of his love, is the same, that they may call upon the name of the Lord, and serve him with one consent. God's truth can alone be the criterion of God's work. That experience which flows from Christ, and rests upon
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his word, will satisfy, and abide; while that which is derived from outward means only, and exists in mere frames, fits and passions, shall vanish as the smoke, or prove as the morning cloud and as the early dew which passeth away. Hosea vi. 4. There were some in the church at Corinth, and such will be found in every church, who neglected the standard of the gospel, and estimated their state by the feelings, gifts, and experiences of each other. *We dare not make ourselves of the number, or compare ourselves with some, that commend themselves: but they, measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves amongst themselves, are not wise.* 2 Cor. x. 12. If he that trusteth in his own heart is a fool, equally so must he be that trusts in another. Let us derive pleasure from reciting our experiences to each other; but, let the word of the Lord be the light unto our feet, and a lamp unto our path, to ascertain the perfection of our experience, and the safety of our state.

The PROGRESS of experience is, in scripture, called, *growing in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ*; 2 Pet. iii. 18. and, *a growing up into Christ in all things*, Eph. iv. 15. It is analogous to the advance of vegetable nature; *first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.* Mark iv. 28. And,

to the advance of humanity—*babe, youth, manhood, old age*; with all the passions, activity, duties, virtues, and advantages of each stage. 1 John ii. 13, 14. These productions of nature, like the growth of the soul in grace, are gradual and imperceptible, and only to be ascertained by their periods, light, strength, and virtue. The first efforts of grace are described as *seeing men as trees walking*, Mark viii. 24. its advance and completion *to the unity of the faith, the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ*. Eph. iv. 16. The prophet Ezekiel gives us a most delightful view of this subject, in his description of the flowing of the water that issued out from under the threshold of the house of the Lord; the depths of which were, *to the ancles—the knees—the loins—and waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed over*. Ezekiel xlvii. 1—5. In the advance of experience, we cannot but perceive that faith, hope, love, repentance, meekness, long-suffering, and truth, as derived from Christ, oppose the baneful powers of unbelief, despair, hatred, pride, malice, and every other evil that arises from the old body of sin that lodges within the soul. By this conflict the christian is led more deeply to know **and to loath the vileness of sin, pants after greater conformity**

conformity to Christ, and cleaves unto the Lord with full purpose of heart. The more powerfully the snares of the world and satan surround him, the more ardently he breathes for communion with God. The more sensibly he feels his own imperfections, the more he cries for the enjoyment of the fulness of Jesus, and rejoices in him as the great High Priest, who hath made atonement, and bears the iniquities of our most holy things. This conflict Paul felt, and hath left us a copy of his experience in the seventh chapter of the Romans. He that is a partaker of the same grace, can, more or less, adopt his language in the fifth chapter—*Therefore, being justified, by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And not only so, but we glory in tribulation also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope; and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts, by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us.*

The MEANS by which experience is advanced are necessary to be understood. As vegetable nature prospers by the rays of the sun, and the rains from above, so the christian is indebted to the beams
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of Christ, the glorious Son of Righteousness, and to the constant influences of the Blessed Spirit.—As the body depends upon the air in which we breathe for the comforts, use, and exertions of animal life, so the soul is incessantly dependant on the Spirit of God for all the support, consolation, and activity, connected with a life of faith on Christ. As the advance of animal nature is promoted by activity and industry, so the christian finds an infinite variety of duties, personal and relative, in the world, in the closet, in the family, and in the church; the performance of which is connected with his hope in God, and his love to his Saviour. But, perhaps, experience is more rapidly advanced, and more strongly rooted, in the furnace of affliction. It was in this furnace that the faith of the primitive christians was found to be more precious than gold that perisheth. 1 Pet. i. 7. Never did a believer pass through suffering, but, either in it or after it, he was convinced that he could not have done without it. The Lord made Joseph fruitful in the land of his affliction. Genesis xli. 52. And in all the Lord's dispensations to his people, he promotes their humility, increases their faith, and gives them the greater enjoyment of his presence. It is very observable, that the annual season that ripens the corn in the ear, is most attended with
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thunder, lightning, storm, and tempest; and, many excellent christians have found, that the nearer they advanced to the close of life, temptations and afflictions increased upon them: and thus, as an ear of wheat ripe for the sickle, he bows his head in humility, self-denial, and obedience; while the language of his heart is, Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!

To conclude this essay: let the professor of religion be persuaded to try his experience by the testimony of the gospel. Psin. cxxxix. 23, 24.—Let not the weak in faith be discouraged: although a *babe* in grace, be thankful for what you enjoy, and remember, God giveth more grace. James iv. 6.—Let those who have good experience of pardon, peace and love in God, be ready to give a reason of the hope that is in him with meekness and fear; proving the genuineness of his profession by the holiness of his life. Matt. v. 16.—And, let those who advance to the last stage of life know, that God will not forsake the work of his own hand; but that you shall come to the grave in a full age, like a shock of corn cometh in in its season. Job v. 27.

THE RELIEF.

A CLERGYMAN of the state of New-York, not many years since, through a misapprehension of a leading member, was precipitately deprived of his pulpit, which involved a large family in necessity. At supper, the good man had the pain of beholding the last morsel of bread placed upon the table, without the least means or prospect of a supply for his children's breakfast. His wife, full of grief, with her children, retired to her bed. The minister chose to set up and employ his dark hours in prayer, and in reading the promises of God. Some secret hope of supply pervaded his breast; but when, how, what, whence, or by whom, he knew not. He retired to rest, and in the morning appeared with his family, and performed the duty of prayer. It being the depth of winter, and a little fire upon the hearth, probably to keep the poor children's expectations alive, that breakfast should soon be enjoyed, he desired his wife to hang on the kettle, and spread the cloth upon the table.—The kettle boiled—the children cried for bread: the afflicted father, standing before the fire, felt those emotions of heart unknown to those whose tables are replenished with affluence. While in this
painful

painful state, some one knocked at the door—entered—passed the compliments of the morning, and was about to leave the room, when he stepped back and delivered a letter into the minister's hand. When the gentleman was gone the letter was opened, and, to the minister's astonishment, it contained a **FOUR POUNDS BANK BILL**, with a desire of acceptance. So manifest an interposition of Divine goodness could not but be received with gratitude and joy; and, should be a lesson to others to trust in that Saviour who hath said, *Verily thou shalt be fed.* Psm. xxxvii. 3. *I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.* Heb. xiii. 5.

This remarkable occurrence being communicated to the **EDITOR**, who, having an intimacy with the gentleman said to be the hand that offered the seasonable relief, was determined, the next time he made him a visit, to introduce the subject, and, if possible, to know the reason that induced the generous action. The story was told—the gentleman discovered a modest blush which evinced the tenderness of his heart. On interrogation, he said “He had frequently heard that minister: on a certain morning he was disposed for a walk; thought, in the severity of the winter season a trifle might be of service, as fuel was high; felt a kind of necessity to inclose the money in a letter; went
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to the house; found the family adjusted as was described; delivered the paper and retired; but knew not of the extreme necessity of the minister and his family until this moment."

The address made by the gentleman's amiable sister, present in the parlour, shall serve as an improvement of this narrative. "Brother, learn from this never to withhold your hand from relieving another, when you feel a dictate in your own breast; as this instance must convince you, it was from God, and greater benefit conveyed than ever you intended to bestow."

Go thou and do likewise. Luke x. 37.

THE BENEVOLENCE OF GOD

*In concealing from Man the Knowledge of
future Events of Time.*

"Great God! I would not ask to see

"What in Futurity shall be;

"If light and bliss attend my days,

"Then let my future hours be praise.

"Is darkness and distress my share?

"Then let me trust thy guardian care:

"Enough for me, if love divine

"At length through every cloud shall shine."

MAN, by transgression, hath prepared for himself a thorny, tempestuous passage through life. It
hath,

hath, however, pleased the Almighty to draw a kind of veil to conceal from man the certain knowledge of those various and successive events of time, the immediate prospect of which would crush the soul in deep despair. No man can wisely boast of to-morrow; we know not what a day may bring forth; no, nor even a moment, or the twinkling of the eye;—such short transitions of time are big with the most important events.

Could the merchant foresee the obstructions and the losses attending his eager efforts in trade; or the husbandman anticipate the blasts that so often attend the labour of his hands, the springs of industry would immediately fail, and society at large become truly necessitous. Who would exult in forming the pleasing connections of social life, were we to know before-hand the blasts of friendship, the assaults of disease, or the period when death would tear from our embraces the objects of our esteem, and lay them in the recess of corruption?—Were it possible for a man to ascertain, with precision, the moment, the place, the circumstances that should be destined for *his own* death, what perpetual anxiety and tormenting fear would rage in his breast, and totally render himself incompetent to discharge the duties of public or private life! Did such fore-knowledge pervade

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the mind of man, childhood and youth would bear the sorrows of old age; the powers of genius would fail; art be unimproved; and nature herself unexplored. How little does the busy worldling reflect on his obligation to infinite goodness, for his ability to perform the duties of his station, and that the uncertainty of future events demands his constant dependence upon the pleasure of the Almighty! Those whose minds are directed to the Supreme, know, that the providence of God is a mystery to man in all ages. It is as the bud which gradually and imperceptibly arises into flower, and then emits its richest fragrance. It is a second bible; every day, and every moment, like the several leaves of the sacred volume, presenting something new and astonishing to the intelligent observer.

If the observations now made, as they relate to men in common life, be pronounced just, I may venture to add, that the wisdom and goodness of God, in withholding the knowledge of future events, is more highly esteemed by the real Christian than by those whose habit of dissipation deprives them of an ability to observe the dispensations of the Almighty. If God, in the early part of the Christian's life, had uncovered the great deep of the heart; exposed the secret evils that lodge within it; or had given the good man a view of
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the imperfections, disappointments, temptations, crosses, and sorrows that awaited him, how would his soul have trembled at the awful prospect, and bowed himself to the very dust of the earth! The Christian sometimes ascends the mount of contemplation; surveys the *map* of his past *experience*; remembers the way which the Lord his God hath led him; and in the review his soul is filled with profound astonishment! So many winding, thorny paths,—seas of tribulation,—dreary deserts,—mountains of difficulty,—valleys of humiliation! *My God!* says he, and drops the silent tear, *can I have passed through such ways as these? Is it possible! Surely had I known the path, my feet had never made the choice. It was thou, my God, my Saviour, and my Guide, that safely brought me through; nor can I now distrust thy future care. Secure beneath thy sacred wings I shall pass my fleeting days; finish my course with joy; walk through the shades of death, and mount to Zion's hill above, to celebrate thy praise!*

Before I quit this paper, it may not be unnecessary to inquire, why God thus conceals from man the knowledge of future events, when, as transgressors against him, they merit every exhibition of present and eternal sorrow, as the fruit of their own transgressions? We reply, **JESUS HATH DELIVER-**

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ED US FROM THE WRATH TO COME. 1 Thess. i. 10. THE LORD THY GOD TURNED THE CURSE INTO A BLESSING UNTO THEE, BECAUSE THE LORD THY GOD LOVED THEE. Deut. xxiii. 5. The glory of divine *grace* changes the vicissitudes of *Providence*. All things, however afflictive, under the administration of ZION'S KING, work together for the best interest of those who love the Lord. Let us then forever sing, HALLELUJAH, FOR THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH! Amen.

THE INDIAN.

DURING the last war, Col. Graham being stationed at Fort-Schuyler, entered into conversation with an intelligent Indian, to whom he proposed the following question: "Do you know how your forefathers worshipped?" To which, with a smile, he replied, *Not as you white people do. We believe the GREAT SPIRIT to be too holy to talk with every body; therefore we chose out the best man among us, to talk with him, and what he tells him, that we do.*

Does not this convince us that even among the savages, the supposed grosser part of mankind, that there exists a conviction of the holiness of God,
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the sinfulness of man, and the necessity of a mediator? Does not this confirm the grosser ignorance of many who call themselves Christians, and yet think themselves sufficiently virtuous to worship God, without being indebted to Jesus Christ, as a mediator? And does not this teach us the importance of a holy disposition in those who pass between God and man, in the duty and work of the ministry?

PLEASING REFLECTION.

WHEN a person is going into a foreign land, where he never was before, it is comfortable for him to consider, "Though I am embarking for an unknown country, it is a place where I have many friends, who are already settled there, so that I shall be, in fact, at home, the instant I get there."—How sweet for a dying Christian to reflect, that, though he is yet a stranger in the world of spirits, still the world of spirits is no stranger to him. God, Christ, Angels, and redeemed souls, are there; and many more believers follow every day. The blood and righteousness of Immanuel are his true letters of recommendation, and he goes on invitation of the King of the country.

NATURAL HISTORY.



THE ROSE OF SHARON.

——— Who can paint
 Like NATURE? Can imagination boast,
 Amid his gay creation, hues like these?
 And can he mix them with that matchless skill,
 And lay them on so delicately fine,
 And lose them in each other, as appears
 In ev'ry bud that blows? ———

THOMSON'S SPRING.

HOW infinite, how truly grand the works of
 the ALMIGHTY! On this lower globe, what in-
 numerable productions strike the eye of contem-
 plation,

plation, and lead the soul with profoundest reverence to adore the infinite, the wise, the glorious Supreme! But, of all these, how is our sight gratified, and our senses regaled, while passing through the FLOWERY NATIONS? Here nature wears her bright attire, pours forth her wonders, and demands our highest praise. From this rich, inexhaustible profusion of Nature's garden, let us at least select the ROSE of SHARON, survey its beauties, and collect its sweets.

The ROSE, *rosa*, is acknowledged a genus of the polygamia order, belonging to the icofandria class of plants. The sorts of roses are very numerous. Turnefort reckons no less than fifty-three, and botanists find it very difficult to determine with accuracy, which are species, and which are varieties, as well as which are varieties of the respective species. On this account, Linnæus, and some other eminent authors, are inclined to think, that there is only one real species of rose, which is the *rosa canina*, or dog-rose of the hedge, and that all the other sorts are accidental varieties of it. However, according to the present Linnæan arrangement they stand divided into fourteen supposed species, each comprehending some varieties, which in some sorts are but few, others numerous.

The rose we admire is *the rose of Sharon*, the
most

most delightful in its colours, and the richest in its fragrance. This invites our choice, because it is an emblem of Immanuel's glory, and endears our hearts to him. Sol. Songs ii. 1.

1. The beauty of its colours, *red* and *white*, expressive these of the glory of the God-head, and the sorrows of the humanity of Christ. *My beloved*, said the church, *is white and ruddy*. Sol. Songs v. 10. WHITE is properly no colour at all, but a composition of all colours; the light of the sun, therefore, said Sir Isaac Newton, is only white, because consisting of all colours: neither is BLACK, its opposite, a colour, but a deprivation of all colours, therefore the proper emblem of wretchedness and death. Apply these observations to the scripture testimony of Jehovah: *God is light, and in him is no darkness at all*, 1 John i. 5. demonstrative this of that underived, self-existent purity, happiness, truth, love, and glory, which, without the shadow of variation, disorder, and imperfection, is essential to Deity. That this excellence, peculiar to Jehovah, is ascribed to Jesus, the current of scripture evinces. Aaron, the High Priest, was to wear a pure linen garment under the ephod, to represent the invisible divinity under the humanity. Daniel saw the Messiah, *the Ancient of days*, with a garment white as snow.

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Dan. vii. 9. When Jesus was transfigured upon mount Tabor, *his raiment was white as the light; more than any fuller on earth could make them.* Mark ix. 3. Thus, Jesus Christ, *the blessed and only POTENTATE, the KING of KINGS, and LORD of LORDS; who not only hath immortality dwelling in the LIGHT, which no man can approach unto; whom, in his divinity, no man hath seen, nor can see, is worthy of honour and power everlasting.* 1 Tim. vi. 15, 16. Let us now contemplate the other colour that forms this beautiful rose. This is to exhibit the quality of the human body, generally acknowledged to be formed by the Almighty, from a sort of red earth. Nor does it less intimate those sorrows which mankind experience as the fruit of disobedience. But, as applied to Christ, denotes the greatness of his sufferings, and his bloody death, as the redeemer of sinners. Isaiah beheld Messiah, *red in his apparel, and whose garment was like him that treadeth in the wine-fat.* lxiii. 2. In the days of his flesh, sufferings attended his path, and, in Gethsemane, his sorrows were such that produced strong cries and tears, while sweat and blood issued from every vein, and fell down to the ground. His death exhibited the most affecting scene; so great the agonies of his body by crucifixion; so extreme the sor-

ROWS

rows of his soul pressed with the weight of divine judgment for our sins, that nature herself, by a supernatural darkness, drew a veil over the distressed sufferer! In his exalted state, he is seen by the glorified throng, as *a Lamb that had been slain*. John beheld this adored Lord, wearing *a name written that no man knew but himself; and he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood*. Rev. xix. 12, 13. Can we read these scriptures without a conviction of the eternal power and Godhead of Christ? Can we turn the sacred page, without being deeply affected with the life and death of Jesus, as a man of sorrows, and acquainted with griefs? Impossible! Cast then your eyes upon THE ROSE OF SHARON, produced, may I say, on purpose to exhibit by its colour the same truth which revelation teaches. Let us look still closer, and while the white and the red, pure in themselves, exhibit the perfection of Nature's pencil; observe how delicately fine the union between the two; this to teach us the *great mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh*. A union this that constitutes the character of Christ as MEDIATOR; lays the foundation of our pardon, and is the strong basis of our communion with God, perseverance through life, support in death, and hope of a glorious immortality!

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2. The odoriferous *scent* of the Rose of Sharon assists us to contemplate the precious virtues of the Lord of glory. How richly does this sweet rose pour forth its fragrance to gratify the sense! yet more richly does Jesus display the glories of his name; opens the unbounded love of his heart; applies a full pardon bought with his most precious blood; proclaims, by his gospel, the inconceivable fulness of his grace as an all-sufficient supply for our support, comfort, perseverance, sanctification, and everlasting felicity. Jesus, the Rose of Sharon, is ever precious to them that believe; yet there are special seasons when his delights are more sensibly enjoyed. David exclaimed, *Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me.* Psm. cxxxviii. 7. And thousands in every age have enjoyed more sensible comforts in Christ, at a period of affliction, than ever they experienced in a time of ease and affluence. *For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ.* When the church attends the supper of the Lord, how often does the Redeemer gladden their hearts with the light of his countenance, while communion, with bread and wine, yields the richest delight! But, however precious and delightful the Rose of Sharon may be to us in our passage through life, in the article of death, far superior

superior enjoyments are conferred. *Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.* When flesh and heart fail; when the sweets of human friendship are no longer to be enjoyed; when the richest cordials and the most delicious productions of nature cease to gratify the taste, and pollute upon the lips, then for the soul to be regaled with the smiles of Jesus, the delightful Rose of Sharon, how great is the blessing! Sheltered beneath Immanuel's wings, and sweetly solaced with his love, how many thousands have launched into eternity with a smile, and hailed the promised crown of life!

3. The medicinal virtues of the rose affords us further aid to explore the excellence of the Lord Christ. There is not a more rich perfume than the essence of roses. The rose distilled with water yields a small portion of a butyraceous oil, whose flavour exactly resembles that of the rose itself. This oil, and the distilled water, are very useful and agreeable cordials. A conserve of roses is of various uses, particularly in relieving imperfections attending the eye, and of meliorating and removing complaints, unnecessary now to be mentioned.

But whence these medicinal virtues of the rose? Do they flow while blooming in the field? No:
this

this delightful flower must be cut down, cast into a Still, and undergo the severity of fire, before its essence can be enjoyed. Solemn thought this, when applied to Christ, the Rose of Sharon! He appeared in all the perfection of humanity, and displayed the glory of divinity thirty-three years; then was cut down by death, the instrument of justice, cast into the grave, sustained the fire of divine anger against sin, and thus, as the Redeemer of his people, yielded the virtues of his sacrifice, for their pardon, peace, and happiness in God. There is no virtue in the rose to regale the fainting spirits, restore the wasted frame, heal the obstructed sight, or cure the burning fever, but what there are infinitely greater virtues in a crucified Jesus, to cure similar, nay, every disorder possible incident to the soul of man. Thousands in every age, under the most complicated mental evils, have received with joy the virtues of the Rose of Sharon; and thousands still, and thousands more, shall enjoy its sacred sweets and triumph in its praise!

4. SHARON, (that is, *a plain or field*) the native soil of the lovely rose, will help us to conceive a few more thoughts of the adored Redeemer. This plain of Sharon was a delightful, fertile place, where David fed his numerous flock, and may denote the open, free publication of Christ in the
T world

world by his gospel; or his church, where he dwells, conducts his sheep, displays his glory, heals the sick, and comforts the sorrowful. By the presence of the Lord, this wilderness, solitary place of our earthly pilgrimage, dreary as the desert, is made to blossom as the rose. Isaiah xxxv. 1, 2. Wherever his love is experienced, there is that sacred joy which can only be exceeded by drinking at the fountain head in glory!

As the Rose grew upon Sharon's plain, free for all who had eyes to see, sense to smell, or hands to embrace, so Jesus is freely and fully published in his gospel. *Whosoever will, let him come, and him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.* But, those who have neither eyes to see, nor sense to smell, pass by the Rose of Sharon, treat it with disdain, and attempt to crush it under foot.

5. No Rose without its Thorn; no, not even the Rose of Sharon! Who takes Christ must take the cross too. *If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me.* If any man will live godly in Christ Jesus, he must suffer persecution. When men without grace take Jesus, the Rose of Sharon, in the hand of mere profession, the thorn of persecution makes them throw away the rose, and seek for other flowers to gratify their carnal taste; but, when men of
grace,

grace, by the hand of faith, pluck this precious flower, the thorn of suffering makes them grasp the harder, enjoy its sweets more sweetly, and dare to stand though blood itself should flow.

In Sharon's lovely rose
Immortal beauties shine ;
Its sweet refreshing fragrance shows
Its origin divine.

How blooming and how fair!
O may my happy breast
This lovely rose forever wear,
And be supremely blest!

THE AFFLICTED MOTHER.

A PIOUS gentleman and his wife, possessed of an agreeable fortune, were favoured with a son and two daughters. The mother fixed her attention inordinately upon her children, and gradually declined in the warmth of her affections to God; so hard is it for us to possess the natural enjoyments of life, and yet to reserve the heart for God! God, however, is a jealous God to them who are the objects of his love; and, according to his own promise, he visits their iniquities with a rod. Psm. lxxxix. 32. God said to Hosea, *Ephraim is joined unto*

unto idols, let him alone. Hosea iv. 17. This woman idolized her children, and God convinced her of her folly. Her youngest child was seized with a fever, lay a few days, and died. This bereaving providence, instead of impressing her mind with a sense of the uncertainty of human enjoyments, and, that God alone was the centre of happiness, she called his judgments in question, and murmured at his hand. A few months after this, her other daughter, after affording her mother great pleasure by her prattle in the parlour, entered the garden, walked on the edge of a fine fish-pond, slipped in, and was drowned, before relief could be obtained. The unfortunate mother was now filled with distraction; sullen grief succeeded; at length, by temptation, she highly reflected on the conduct of the Almighty, and gradually declined in her attendance on the public duties of religion. Her son, now her only child, a remarkably promising youth, had just finished his education, and returned from the boarding-school—went out one morning with his gun for sport, in company with a neighbouring gentleman; arriving at a fence, rested their guns; the youth, while in conversation, placed his hand, and reclined his head upon the mouth of the barrel; accidentally, by the motion of his foot, he touched the trigger, and instantly the

contents

contents of the piece was discharged through his brain. In this affecting state he was conveyed to his parents; but what pen is able to recite the dreadful emotion of their hearts on the melancholy sight! What submission might possess the father's breast, is uncertain; but the unhappy mother, while surrounded with weeping friends, in the midst of her agonies unguardedly exclaimed, *God has taken away my children, and what can he now do more?* God soon convinced her that he could do more. Her husband caught a violent cold, a consumption ensued, and death received him to his gloomy shades. When the information of his death was given to his wife, she fainted. On her recovery, she fell upon her knees, the tears gushed from her eyes, and with accents indescribable, she exclaimed, "Lord, thou hast at length bowed my rebellious heart! Thou hast stripped me of my children, and my husband is no more; here, Lord, take my heart—never more suffer a creature, however dear, to remove it from thyself. I own thy judgments just, and ask the comforts of thy love!"

This woman survived several years, and lived an example of real piety. Let this narrative teach others, that strong affections produce strong afflictions; and that thus is the creature best enjoyed when held in subordination to the pleasure of the Lord.

THE REVOLTING CHRISTIAN.

————— *False breast!*
Fickle and fond of ev'ry guest;
Each fairy image at it flies,
Here finds admittance through my eyes.
This foolish heart can leave her God,
And shadows tempt her thoughts abroad.

WATTS.

THAT a person who, through grace, has enjoyed the rich manifestations of a Saviour's smiles, and hath been numbered with Christ's visible flock, may be liable to fall into temptation, lose the bloom of his profession, and the comforts of his soul, for a season, is a truth so evident in the scriptures, and so convicting in the conscience, as at once demands our assent and our tears. Although it be absolutely impossible to describe every sensation of a backsliding heart, and the many erring paths to which such are exposed, I shall, in this paper, draw the general outline of such an unhappy case, and add my fervent prayer, that God may make it a mean to alarm the careless, humble the disobedient, and reclaim the wanderer.

True religion begins with Christ; he is our pardon, peace, hope, and everlasting salvation. To

fit

fit under his shadow, and by faith experience the fruit of his passion, sweet to our taste, constitutes the sublime happiness of our souls: It is therefore evident, that the first step to our departure from God, and our errors in life, begins at the cross. John vi. 68. The eye is allured from beholding the person of Jesus and the heart partially ceases; to have sensible enjoyment of his grace and his love. Perhaps this observation may meet with conviction in the reader's breast;—the time is remembered, that when impressed with guilt, and loaded with distress, he rested at the cross, beheld the bleeding Lamb, and felt peace and pleasure with God. Then, how incessant was the panting of the heart for communion with the Saviour! the least temptation, and the smallest evil, keenly wounded the soul, and made the eyes flow with tears. But now, though the name of Christ be approved, it is not preciously enjoyed. The soul and Christ seldom meets in love, and feels the sweets of pardon in his blood. A shyness has taken place, and the perfidious conduct of the Christian deeply convinces his conscience, and leaves him without excuse. Perhaps the Saviour's charge may reach the reader's ears, and pierce his guilty breast:—“ *Know, therefore, and see, that it is an evil,*

evil, and a bitter thing, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God. Jer. ii. 19.

As by the cross of Christ we are brought nigh to God, and enjoy the sweets of fellowship with him as our Father ; so, a neglect of the virtues of the cross imperceptibly obstructs us in the enjoyment of that high privilege. Our communion with God is carried on by faith, meditation, and prayer ; the essence of which is, the secret motion of the soul in peace, adoration, hope, love, and joy ; producing that solid satisfaction and sublime pleasure, which none but he that feels it knows. This experience constitutes our heaven upon earth. We thus walk with God, and never feel ourselves unhappy but when interrupted in this holy path. Whatever affliction may attend us, it is in communion with God that our tears are wiped away, learn the design of every adverse providence, and receive grace to help in time of need. Perhaps the reader may bring to recollection the time when he enjoyed this privilege with sweet delight, drew near the Lord by prayer, could tell him all your grief, and receive the satisfaction which gave you boldness to pursue the path of life with joy ; but, you are conscious it is not so now. You pray ; but it is not in prayer : your meditations are attended with darkness ; your faith is surrounded with such amazing

ing

ing unbelief, that often induces you to question if ever you believed at all; and the motion of your heart to God is in great coldness and heaviness. Thus, when you would do good, evil is ever present with you; and a consciousness of guilt hurries you away from prayer, and increases the distance of your soul from God. Standing thus as on the threshold of the closet, you are ripe to embrace any temptation which Satan may propose. Thousands of most excellent Christians have marked this fatal spot, where apostacy more visibly began. If David could say, *It is good for me to draw near to God*, O how extremely bitter and dangerous the consequence of living at a sensible distance from God! Christian, where art thou? *Take heed lest there be in you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God*; for, be assured, *the backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways*. Prov. xiv. 14. And, if you feel it not now, it will be more severe at a future period. You know not whither you may be led by sin, therefore return unto the Lord, from whom you have deeply revolted.

The loss of sensible communion with God soon discovers itself in the disposition of the mind, and in the actions of the life. The Word of the Lord was precious in those days when the Christian lived
near

near to God: now it is read with indifference, without faith, without prayer, without a desire to find Christ, and a determination to follow his precepts or embrace his promises. In the discharge of domestic duties, the temper is altered; morning and evening prayer becomes formal; and the imperfections of servants and children are passed over without reproof, because the conscience is an accuser of its own sin. Religious conversation, if held at all, is not upon the beauties of Christ, the riches of grace, or the experience of the heart; but, on speculative points, the gifts of ministers, the misfortunate miscarriages of others, or (what is pretty fashionable among professors of this day) the decline of religion, without producing one effort to revive it in themselves or others. The Lord's day now comes rather of course, than from pleasing anticipation. Public prayer is little enjoyed; and the preaching of the gospel is not nourishing, for want of faith in him that hears it. Heb. iv. 2.— Either the minister is charged with barrenness, or the hearer thinks himself sufficiently wise without fresh instruction: nor is it uncommon to find such a person going from one minister to another, in search of *something new*; yet nothing really satisfies the heart, because, the man is dissatisfied with himself, and at a distance from the Lord. This
spiritual

spiritual decline of heart paves the way for a more general neglect of the means of grace—lives above them, and concludes, he is as well at home, or walking in the fields, as he would be at church. Thus, no wonder that the man who has lost the comforts of grace in his soul should misimprove, or totally neglect the means of grace also.

Lut us now take one step farther with the revolting Christian, and mark the change which takes place in his conduct in the more busy scenes of life. That sweet restraint which a sense of the love of God once created upon his soul, and directed his cautious steps in forming his connections, managing his trade, and answering his obligations, gradually wears away, and his heart takes a more speedy flight after all which the world calls good and great. He may now pass for a *polite Christian*; having the name, but destitute of the spirit of a lively believer, and of course tries pretty hard to make his profession and his worldly pursuits comport with each other. The men of business cannot, however, but perceive that this man has considerably lost the fine bloom of his religious profession, and triumphantly exclaim—*See, the man hath become like one of us!* It is now that he stands in the way of indulging those maxims, and committing those evils which before his soul abhorred,

red, and which he severely reprov'd in others. Satan meets him upon his own ground, suits his bates to the frame of his heart, and, by every method in his infernal power, blinds his mind, hardens his heart, and pollutes his passions. Here, at least, let us stop—No man's pen, or tongue, can ascertain how far, and to what wretched lengths a man in such a state may go;—rather than attempt such a pursuit, it is the wish of the writer of this paper to ask the reader, *Is this case your own?* Happy for you, if it is not. Testify your gratitude to God; live upon Christ; plead his Spirit; keep his statutes; watch the motion of your heart, and you are happy indeed! But, if this description of a backslider, in either, or in all its stages, shews your own likeness, and your conscience says, *Thou art the man*, let me solemnly intreat you to reflect upon your case. Each stage has an easy transition to another; he that is not watchful of the first, will soon find himself in the next, and, like a rolling stone, will find the way to the bottom.

Remember, the sin of your departure from God has been committed with your eyes open. What ingratitude is this to God for his love—to Christ for his salvation—and to the Blessed Spirit for his instruction and consolation!—Did you not solemnly devote yourself to be the Lord's at your conversion?

sion; and have you not frequently renewed this surrender in private, at your baptism, and at the Lord's Supper?—What evil has the Lord done unto you? and wherein has he wearied you? Were not his paths pleasant, his promises sweet, and his smiles charming? In how many scenes of distress has he delivered you? And in the bounty of his providence, and the riches of his grace, how often has he exceeded your highest expectations? What griefs does your present coldness of heart and disobedience of life create in the breast of those who are the friends of Christ, and who knew you when a humble, lively, happy christian?—Neither forget the discouragements which you give to the lambs of the flock who are seeking the paths of the Lord; and the advantage you offer the enemies of the gospel to impeach its virtues.—Surely you cannot be insensible what injury you do your own souls. Are you as happy now as when you delighted beneath the Shepherd's care, and fed in the rich pasture of his grace? O! no. Think, for a moment, were temptations now to assail you, how awfully you might fall, and sink deeper into sin and misery?—If death was now to advance, where is your certain hope of future bliss? Can you shut your eyes, harden your heart, pursue in sin, and abandon the Lord of life? God forbid! There is a certain

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something

something within your breast that fills you with shame, produces a tear, and makes you cry, *O that it were with me as in months past! Lord turn unto me, have mercy upon me, heal my backslidings, let me once more find the way to thine arms, and enjoy that peace I felt when first I knew thy love.*

Presuming this may be the desire of your heart, I shall, in the next number, show you some of those methods by which Christ the good Shepherd restores his wandering sheep, and the sensibility such have of their merciful restoration.

Dialogue between a Mother and her Daughter.

(Continued from page 160.)

Daughter. **D**EAR mamma, excuse my entering your chamber so early this morning;—affecting news has just arrived!

Mother. My daughter, what has happened?—why this extreme agitation of mind?

Daughter. A servant has just delivered me a letter on the death of dear Charlotte Gay, who left the boarding-school with me. O madam, you don't know how it affects me!

Mother.

Mother. Distressing indeed, Eliza!—Do sit down and read me the letter.

Daughter. Reads.

DEAR ELIZA SEMOUR,

It is with inexpressible grief I inform you of the death of my dear and much loved sister Charlotte. This was a sudden stroke to us. She was arrested by a violent fever that baffled the skill of our ablest physicians. In her illness, she earnestly desired to see you; but such was the rapid progress of mortality, we were unable to inform you in time. Her spirit was much discomposed; she talked to us all in a manner she never did before, praying that we might all think of our latter end. She often said, she did not know whither she was going; and wished she might live longer to make her peace with God. But, my dear Eliza Semour, this subject is so affecting, I must bid your adieu, and assure you that I am

Your affectionate

MARIA GAY.

Mother. A very serious event indeed—I wish it may be productive of real advantage to all concerned. Ah, poor child! what distress must lodge within her breast, when the pangs of death seized her spirit!—Not to know whither she was going!—perhaps she had neglected her bible, and preferred novels;

novels, else she would have known that *our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light by the gospel.* To pass from a dissipated circle to a dying bed, is a solemn change!—"She talked as she had not done before;"—no—the lips of youth seldom speak of God, of Christ, mercy, a future state. Vanity resides in the breast, and vanity is uttered by the tongue. She wished to live, to make her peace with God: Ah! how few dissipated, whether young or old, when lain upon their dying pillow, but what feel the power of guilt, and a need of pardon and peace with God!—Thus death makes serious the young, the gay, the aged! I wish, my daughter, you had been with Charlotte in her departing moments; perhaps her last words would have deeply penetrated your breast; and, by God's blessing, received lasting benefit. Dying words sink deep in the bosom of a friend!

Daughter. O! had I taken my last farewell—I shall never see her more!

Mother. Submission to the will of God in removing choice friends from our arms, is not all such providences demand. *For us they sicken, and for us they die.* And I hope, my daughter, you will not suffer this event to be erased from your breast, until you embrace those favours which poor Charlotte's dying breath so earnestly desired.

Daughter.

Daughter. I hope I shall improve, and collect instruction from the spoils of death.

Mother. Young persons are apt to trifle with the thoughts of death, and imagine an horrid gloom to attend the practice of piety; and that it necessarily excludes the christian from social pleasures; but such conclusions are made by those only who love to gratify those depraved passions which the law of God condemns, and who never yet tasted happiness in God. These, my daughter, you must pronounce improper judges in the case. Persons of true piety know that religion refines the grosser passions, creates a better relish for social pleasures, and instead of introducing them to gloomy shades, it is the only path by which they can escape that dreadful darkness which rested upon the mind of your departed friend.

Daughter. I know, madam, we are too apt to be misled, and to suppress thoughts of mortality; but I hope, from Charlotte's death, to be more solicitous for my future life.

Mother. In this your own happiness and the comfort of your parents very much depend. Before you quit my chamber, let me urge you to the duties of prayer, and reading the scriptures. Prayer is the opening of the heart to God—confessing our guilt, and imploring his mercy. This is the great

duty which enlivens every other, and fills the soul with the highest satisfaction; but it is a duty to which, by sin, we are naturally averse. Beg the Lord to give you an heart to pray. Never suffer yourself to be ashamed of this duty, however others may despise it. If it be an honour to converse with a king upon his throne, it is infinitely greater to have audience with the LORD OF GLORY, and delight beneath his heavenly smiles!

Daughter. I know this is a very great duty, nor do I wholly neglect it; but I have so many unruly thoughts, and I know so little of God, that it seems almost useless for me to attempt to pray.

Mother. This then, my child, will convince you of the importance of the other duty I recommended you,—the reading of the Scriptures. This gives us just thoughts of the moral attributes of God,—shews us how, in Christ, sinners are pardoned, and can have fellowship with God, by the aid of his Holy Spirit. The mind being established in this, ten thousand other precious subjects will unfold to your view, and give you the highest satisfaction possible. In the language of an excellent writer I may tell you, **GO, READ THE BIBLE TO BE GAY.** No pleasures are so refined as those which flow from the love of God upon the heart; no supports are equal to those which the promises inspire;

inspire;—no prospects of futurity are so rational and divine, as revelation opens to the believing mind. Although this duty might be performed at any time, yet I recommend you to attend to it in the morning, when the heart is free for contemplation. Begin with the Psalms and the Evangelists, and read a chapter in each; and after you have done, fail not to propose such questions as these—What do I in these chapters learn of God?—Which verse leads me to discover the beauties of a Saviour, and convinces me of my need of Him? Which Promise is most suited to encourage my mind, and which Precept appears necessary for me to obey? Persons in general read a chapter, close the book, and it is over;—but if such interrogations as I have proposed be made, they will never fail to impress the Scriptures more forcibly on your mind, enlarge your views of God and his grace, and consequently give you the highest encouragement to perform the duty of prayer.

Daughter. I thank you for this advice, and hope it will be of real service. If you chuse, madam, as the servant waits, I will retire and prepare a few lines of condolence to Maria Gay.

Mother. By all means, and present my sympathetic condolence to her parents.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.



P O E T R Y.

HOPE OF RESTORATION.

OFFENDED Majesty! how long
Wilt Thou conceal thy face?
How long refuse my fainting soul
The succours of thy grace?

While sorrow wrings my bleeding heart,
And black despondence reigns,
Satan exults at my complaints,
And triumphs o'er my pains.

Let thy returning Spirit, Lord,
Dispel the shades of night;
Smile on my poor deserted soul——
My God, thy smiles are light.

While scoffers at thy sacred word
Deride the pangs I feel,
Deem my religion insincere,
Or call it useless zeal:

Yet

Yet will I ne'er repent my choice,
I'll ne'er withdraw my trust;
I know Thee, Lord, a pow'rful Friend,
And kind, and wise, and just.

To doubt Thy goodness wou'd be base
Ingratitude in me;
Past favours shall renew my hopes,
And fix my faith in Thee.

Indulgent God! my willing tongue
Thy praises shall prolong;
For oh! Thy bounty fires my breast,
And rapture swells my song.

ON PSALM XLII.

WITH fierce desire the hunted Hart
Explores the cooling stream;
Mine is a passion stronger far,
And mine a nobler theme.

Yes, with superior fervours, Lord,
I thirst to see thy face;
My languid soul would fain approach
The fountains of thy grace.

Oh!

Oh! the great plenty of thy house!
The rich refreshments there!
To live an exile from thy courts
O'erwhelms me with despair.

In worship when I join'd thy saints:
How sweetly pass'd my days!
Prayer my divine employment then,
And all my pleasure praise.

But now I'm lost to every joy,
Because detain'd from thee;
Those golden periods ne'er return,
Or ne'er return to me.

Yet, O my soul, why thus deprest,
And whence this anxious fear?
Let former favours fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.

When darkness, and when sorrows rose,
And press'd on every side,
Did not the Lord sustain thy steps?
And was not God thy guide?

Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Tho' o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

Perhaps

Perhaps before the morning dawns,
He'll reinstate my peace;
For he, who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

In the dark watches of the night
I count his mercies o'er;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

Then, O my soul, why thus deprest,
And whence this anxious fear?
Let former favours fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.

Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor marmur at his rod;
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God!

WRITTEN IN A GARDEN.

FROM busy scenes, with peace alone retir'd,
And the warm ray of gratitude inspir'd,
For blessings past, and mercies yet to come,
Here let me praise my God, and fix my home:
With Isaac, in the fields, for grace implore;
With Moses, in each beamy bush, adore!

His

His providence for all my wants provides,
His arm upholds me, and his right hand guides :
His breezes fan me in the noon-tide hours,
Where coolness walks amid my shades and bow'rs :
His bounty in the silver current flows,
Smiles in the blossoms, in the fruitage glows :
His radiant finger gilds the vernal flowers,
Fed with his balm, and water'd with his showers :
He bids the rose its crimson folds unloose,
And blush, refulgent, in the purple dew :
The lily he arrays with spotless white,
Rich in its mantle of inwoven light,
(Go, Solomon, and cast thy gems aside,
Nor glory in thy poverty of pride!)
The painted tribes their sunny beams display,
And lend a lucid softness to the day.
Grateful, each flower to heaven its incense pays,
And breathes its fragrant soul away in praise.
Oh, thither may they teach my soul to soar,
Confess my Saviour, and his steps adore!
Contented let me live, submissive die,
And hope a fairer paradise on high!

W. A.



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No. VI.—VOL. I.

AN ESSAY ON THE VIRTUES OF
FAITH.

*Oh! that I could but once by FAITH
Behold HIM on the tree;
And see him languish there to death,
And shed his blood for me!*

WITHOUT *faith it is impossible to please*
God, either in our thoughts, words, or actions.
Heb. xi. 6. *Faith* is simply taking God at his
word, as *unbelief* is giving God the lie. The
X scripture

scripture testimony concerning mankind is, *they are children in whom is no faith*. Deut. xxxii. 20. and *God hath concluded all in unbelief*. Rom. xi. 32. We need not trace the black circle of *atheists, deists*, and modern *free-thinkers*, and listen to their awful expressions against the being, majesty, providence, law and gospel of God, to discover the baneful fruit of unbelief; but, enter into our own breasts, where we are sensibly convinced that from this bitter root spring those thoughts and evil passions which are unworthy the true dignity of our nature, and bring us under the pain of damnation. Mark xvi. 16. In this state mankind would have lived and died; and, in a future state of existence, been compelled to *believe* the justice of God, and the evil of sin, in their own punishment, had not God, in the glory of his grace, provided a way by which guilty men should be brought back again to him—a new principle of faith created in their unbelieving soul, and thus their moral and eternal happiness secured.

The gospel informs us, that *faith is the gift of God*; Eph. ii. 8. that it is obtained through the righteousness of God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, 2 Pet. i. 1. and produced in the heart by the operations of the Holy Spirit. Gal. v. 22. Col. ii. 12. It is a constituent part of that new life which Christ communicates

communicates to all his people, distinguishing them in their state, sensibility, obedience, pleasures, and prospects, from other men; and those who have it are daily taught practically to believe that the growth, strength, comfort, and lively exertion of their faith, wholly depend upon Jesus, who is *the author and finisher of our faith*. Heb. xii. 2. As faith is of such infinite consequence to our present peace and future happiness, I shall, in this essay, form a short collection of its virtues, and wish that they may be more highly experienced in every reader's breast.

1. It scatters the clouds of *self-deception*, which naturally cover the depraved heart of man; shews his true character as a sinner, and reveals his standing in Christ for eternity. Thus, he that believeth hath the witness in himself. 1 John v. 10. God's word is the ground of faith: in this, as in a pure mirror, the enlightened sinner sees his own likeness, and is filled with self-abasement. His heart gradually opens; its treachery, power, and vileness, induce him, were it possible, to fly from himself. The immortality of the soul, the consequence of transgression, his obligation to the *law*, the certainty of death, the solemnity of judgment, and the necessity of forgiveness; these, and many other important truths which before he either denied or neglected,

lected, are now conveyed to his conscience, with the fullest demonstration from the Almighty. He had often heard his character described by others; he had frequently felt the convictions of his own conscience; he knew his heart was not altogether right with God; but now, by *faith* of the operation of God, he knows his case to be desperate, and to live and die in such a state fills him with grief. All things within him, and around him, wear their true colours, and impress his soul with that solemn weight he never felt before. Proud nature, aided by Satan, may devise ten thousand ways to recover itself; but such is the virtue of that *faith* by which the work was begun, that the sinner finds a perfect inability to amend his conscience and obtain peace with God, and firmly *believes*, if ever he is saved, it must be by grace alone. The ear which once turned from the charming voice of the gospel, now listens with attention. The person of the God-man Christ Jesus, the perfection of his righteousness, the fulness of his atonement, the riches of his grace, the freeness of his love to sinners, the chief of sinners, his most inveterate enemies, engage the awakened mind, and create a longing for a share in so great a salvation. The word preached profits, being mixed with faith in him that hears it. He begins to understand the truth,

truth, which before he despised, that, *by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in the sight of God*, because they are imperfect and vile, which the law condemns and not accepts;—*but now the righteousness of God, without the law, is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets: even the righteousness of God by faith of Jesus Christ unto all, and upon all them that believe; for there is no difference.* Rom. iii.

21—23. This discovers the gospel to be worthy of its AUTHOR, and to contain a suitable salvation for the sinner. There can be no greater ground for faith in Christ than that the GOD against whom we have sinned, hath set HIM forth in the gospel, a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness in the remission of sins that are past, that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus. Rom. iii. 25, 26. Here rests our faith: cut off from this we perish. The belief of it engages the heart and soul most earnestly to pray for it. The same blessed Saviour who said, *All things whatever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive*, Matt. xxi. 22. in due time returns a gracious answer, by manifesting himself to the trembling heart, saying, *Fear not, I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine.* Isa. xliii. 1. This is

enough; faith credits the report, and brings the comfort of the promise. Christ dwells in the heart by faith. Eph. iii. 12. My beloved is mine, and I am his. Sol. Song ii. 16. The conscience feels peace with God, being satisfied with, and reconciled by the blood of Christ. What joy and peace in believing! The soul casts itself into the bleeding bosom of the Saviour, and finds rest, pardon, comfort, hope and happiness indisscribable. From what Christ is in himself, what he hath done for sinners, what he hath done for me, and my entering into the love of his heart, by faith; these are evidences to me of my interest in him, and I rest assured he will love me to the end. This experience of the heart is called *the work of faith*, 2 Thess. i. 11. because such are its soul reclaiming, saving virtues, which never could have been produced by nature, the powers of reason, the circle of the arts, nor all the objects of sense; and brings the highest honour to Jehovah.

2. As the cross of Christ leads to communion with the Father, we will now examine the virtues of *faith*, in enabling us to walk humbly and happily with him. This is the substance of religion. *We walk by faith, not by sight.* 2 Cor. v. 7. By faith we see him who is invisible to the eye of sense; enjoy the comforts of a covenant relation in God

as our Father; exult in the glories of his attributes in our redemption, and walk in the light of his countenance. We know nothing of such a relation of grace but as it is revealed in the Bible; and it is the virtue of faith to receive the truth as it is in Christ, and enjoy the comfort of it. It is the object of unbelief to raise a cloud between the christian and his God, to interrupt the pleasures of communion; but faith, nourished by the Spirit of Christ, is stronger than unbelief fed by satan, and therefore the darkness soon vanishes, and the light of faith cheers the heart.—All our communion with God is maintained by faith in the blood of Christ. *Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which he hath consecrated for us—let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith.* Heb. x. 19—22. It is the person and blood of Jesus, the great High Priest, that render our persons, prayers, and praises, acceptable to God; and this is the way alone in which God will meet and commune with us; nor can we enjoy any sensible, lively communion with the Father, unless by faith we rest upon the precious blood of the Lamb; guilt will stop our mouth, fears will arise in our breast, and our spirits will stand at a sorrowful distance from God.—As God hath given

us exceeding great and precious promises, on which we may rest our prayer, enjoy communion with him, and wait for the good things promised; so it is by *faith* that we embrace the promises, view them in Christ, who possesses the grace and glory promised, and who is engaged to make them good to all that believe. 2 Cor. i. 20. It is not possible for us to enjoy communion with the Father, separate from the Redeemer. *Truly, our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.* To them that believe, Jesus is increasingly precious in all the sacred relations and offices he sustains; and it is the virtue of faith to lead the christian, under all his necessities, to *employ* Christ as his Priest, Prophet, King, and Shepherd; and thus, as he received Christ Jesus the Lord, so he walks *in* him, and has the most solid peace of conscience, and happiness of soul in walking *with* the Father—Nor is it possible that *faith* should be unconcerned about the influence of the Spirit of God, who implanted it in the heart. As by believing we know we have nothing, nor can we do any thing to raise our hearts to communion with God; so the believer rests upon the Spirit to help his infirmities, testify of Christ, dictate his prayer, seal his conscience, and shed abroad the love of God in his heart. Lest we exceed the bounds allotted for this essay, we will,

3. Proceed

3. Proceed to enquire into the virtues of *faith*, in producing obedience. The scripture speaks of faith that purifieth the heart, and worketh by love, Acts xv. 9. Gal. v. 6. and that the gospel was preached among all nations for the *obedience of faith*. Rom. xvi. 26. Faith creates new principles, affords the sublimest motives, and proposes the most glorious ends, on which an immortal soul can act before God and man. God is our most gracious, everlasting Father, and we obey his will, not as slaves, but as his adopted children. Christ hath bought us with his precious blood, and we yield ourselves to him as our Sovereign, Lord, and King. Introduced by grace into his spiritual kingdom, we receive from his hand THE LAW OF FAITH; Rom. iii. 27. the *gospel*, sanctioned by his divine authority, and enforced by his redeeming love. In this law is contained every precept essential to our walk with God, the worship due to his name, the government of ourselves, our conduct in the world, our conflict with our enemies, and our fellowship with the saints. So far from the possession of faith leading men into neglect and licentiousness, it is the spring to every good word and work; for, as it hath been often said, "He that hath St. Paul's *faith* will never fail to practise St. James's *works*." The christian firmly believes

believes that there can be no precept which the wisdom of his Saviour enjoins in the law of faith, that can be trivial and unnecessary; therefore his obedience is universal, and, with David, *he has respect unto all God's testimonies*. The virtues of faith produce the highest pleasures and cheerfulness in obedience—It is my Father's command—my Saviour's love constrains—it is connected with my character—it may promote the happiness of another, and display the honour of my Lord; therefore, with an enlarged heart I will run the way of his commands, and think myself happy to obey. *Let us then hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering, for he is faithful that promised: and let us consider one another unto love and good works; for herein is our Father glorified, that we bear much fruit.*

4. As the Lord's are a poor and an afflicted people, they need a *Faith*, whose virtues shall bear them above their deepest sorrows. The believer has trials in common with other men; and he has afflictions peculiar to himself, the chief of which are found within his own breast. As a disciple of Christ, he believes his Lord and Master has wisely allotted a *cross*, for the exercise of his faith, the trial of his patience, and the proof of his sincerity, and therefore it is with cheerfulness he takes it up.

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The word of God contains many salutary cordials for suffering christians, and shews them, that, however severe, they spring from a Father's love, and are designed to promote their real interest. *Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing had happened unto you; but rejoice, in as much as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.* 1 Pet. iv. 12, 13. *We know that all things work together for good to them that love God.* Rom. viii. 28. Afflictions brighten, manifest, and improve the virtues of faith; and faith makes afflictions fruitful of real good, always to the soul, and frequently to the body. It is as an anchor to the soul, keeping it quiet in the bosom of the Father's love, that, however long and severe, the storm shall produce a brighter sky, and make him more humble, patient, watchful, obedient, and happy. He believes there is no rod held in his Father's hand without honey at the end—no cross without a crown—nor crown without a cross. The darker the providence, the more intricate the path; and the more violent the opposition, the greater is the opportunity for faith to discover its intrinsic virtue. It will hang upon Christ in the midst of a wreck—it will trust him when he seems to have forsaken

forfaken—it will always fhine the brighteft when there is the leaft objects of fenfe to furround it—it will draw confolation from the ancient tranfactions of God in eternity, and look forward with tranfport to futurity. It is impoffible to enumerate or to eftimate the virtues of faith! It however fhines brighteft in the furnace: there can be no fight fo honourable to God, fo gratifying to the beholder, and fo convicting to the eye of infidelity, as to fee a christian ftripped of the creature, yet full of love to the Creator; furrounded with thick darknefs, yet light in the Lord; walking on the borders of defpair, yet believing in hope againft hope, that every event fhall terminate to the honour of God and the real happinefs of himfelf!

5. If fuch are the virtues of *faith* to a christian in life, they muft be fuperior in the article of death. Of the long lift of ancient worthies contained in the 11th of Hebrews, it is faid, *theſe all died in faith!* To profefs faith is eafy; to poſſeſs faith is a bleſſing which none but God can give; to die in faith, is to enjoy more peace, and more happinefs than ten thouſand worlds can beſtow; and which can only be exceeded by the full poſſeſſion of the glories of immortality! If by faith all things were diſcovered in their true colours, and felt in their due weight of influence upon the mind in life, much
more

more so the nature, appendages, and end of death become visible, and all things around now become truly solemn! By faith the dying christian takes a view of Death, clad in all his native horrors, leading mankind to an awful state of punishment due to their transgressions; feels the sentence within himself, and drops the silent tear—Then looks on Christ, who has conquered Death, and perfumed the grave with his own blessed body, and from a lively faith of interest in him cries, “This God is my God, and he shall be my guide even through death!—Though flesh and heart fail, the Lord shall be the strength of my life and my portion forever!—I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus my Lord!” Nor does faith yield its virtues only in the immediate article of dying: No—

“*Faith* builds a bridge across the gulph of Death,
To break the shock blind Nature cannot shun,
And leads Thought smoothly on the farther shore.
Death’s terror is the mountain *Faith* removes;
That mountain barrier between man and peace.
’Tis *Faith* disarms Destruction, and absolves
From ev’ry clam’rous charge, the guiltless tomb.

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It brings to view the glories of immortality, and assures the conscience of after bliss. *He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.*—He knows it is secured in Christ; that Christ hath promised it; thousands have died in anticipation of it, and he rests in hope the blessing shall be his. *He dies in faith*; leaves a testimony of faith behind him for the comfort and establishment of others: but O! who can describe the virtues of faith in bearing the soul above the pangs of mortality?—Who can paint the prospect which faith affords beyond the vale?—He drops his clay, and mounts on high, *to be forever with the Lord.*

Dialogue between a Mother and her Daughter.

(Continued from page 230, and concluded.)

THE SEA SHORE.

Mother. **W**HAT a charming prospect is this!—With what majesty yonder sloop of war rides upon the rolling waves!—What numbers of lesser vessels cover the water! I never saw the sea exhibit a more pleasing sight.

Daughter. The scene is truly delightful;—let us advance, and, if you please, madam, set on the
grass

grafs that covers yonder humble rock, which seems almost designed by nature as a rural sofa for travelling spectators, while surveying the wonders of the deep. One would think THOMPSON was favoured with such a seat when he wrote those admirable lines—

————— And thou majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound HIS stupendous praise, whose greater voice,
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.

Mother. Well might the elegant poet call the ocean, *a secret world of wonders!* What an infinite number, and endless variety of animal and vegetable productions are incircled within its bosom? What prodigious burdens it sustains upon its surface! and therewith are staked the greater part of the wealth of nations, as YOUNG beautifully says——

Who sings the source
Of wealth and force?
Vast fields of commerce and big war!
Where wonders dwell;
Where terrors swell;
And Neptune thunders from his car!

How advantageous is this great body of water
in connecting distant nations for exchanging pro-
duce,

duce, and cultivating art ! and thus the great family of mankind are made mutual sharers in the rich bounties of all-gracious providence. The liquid element is the mean by which the servants of the Most High pass from nation to nation, and penetrate the remote corners of the world, to publish the glad tidings of salvation in the name of the Son of God, that the knowledge of the Lord may cover the earth, as the waters do the sea.

Daughter. Yes, madam, we lose much by neglect of contemplation, especially when we do not trace the finger of the Almighty, who hath formed the great deep, and separated the waters from the dry land ; and who, invincible in power, ruleth this roaring monster with all the facility of command : *Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther ; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.*

Mother. True, my Eliza ; and it is one of the distinguishing favours of my life, that God hath enriched you with a desire to contemplate the wonders of his goodness. As you are now, my child, advancing to mature age, I will avail myself of this retired spot, and employ the beautiful prospect before us, in directing your attention to future life. The *ocean* is a just emblem of this transitory world ; always in motion ; sometimes cast into foaming billows, mountains high ; then glides in peaceful waves ;

waves ;—so is our life, and we need the presence of that adorable Saviour, whose prerogative it is to rule the globe.

“ He says ;—be calm ; the sea obeys his will ;
The storm is silent, and the waves are still.”

Daughter. Sometimes I think of the wide world that unfolds to me its thousand cares. True, my days may be cut short, as were Charlotte Gay’s ;—but should they be prolonged, I have more than ever, since that mournful stroke, felt conscious that I need an Almighty Guide.

Mother. Yes, my child, you may think so, and I am happy you have such thoughts ; but, myself and others, who have got mid-way the ocean of life, have found the advantage of a guide for our youth, and a staff for our years. So extremely short are many of the vicissitudes of life, one needs something more than mortal to prepare us for them, and preserve us in a virtuous path. How often does the mariner sit with ease at his helm, the gentle gale fills the sheets, and his cheerful heart hails his port in view !—but, the wind shifts, the tide turns, the clouds lower, and, in a little while, his bark is dashed with the storm, and nought but death appears ! Such, such are the changes of our lives, from health to sickness, pleasure to pain—prosperity to adversity ;

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these frequently alternate, till, at last, arrives the great change from life to death ! O happy those who have stood the storm and tempest, at last, by faith in Christ, arrive at the port of everlasting bliss ! But these reflections have somewhat diverted one from a particular piece of instruction, necessary to your present stage of life.

In social life, next to be esteemed to the blessings of grace, is an honourable connection in marriage. Entering into such a relation, either hazards, or promotes our happiness in passing over the ocean of time, and generally has a very considerable influence upon our morals. To marry only for beauty, is to purchase a house for the nose-gay in its window, which must soon fade, and probably prove obnoxious to its possessor. To marry only for riches, is to deceive our own passions, and eventually makes us poor indeed. Our own affections too often deceive us in common things ; and therefore, in such an important connection as this, the utmost deliberation and care are absolutely necessary, infinitely more so than that yonder mariner, who ploughs the ocean, should first have ascertained the stability of his vessel, before he put to sea. The safest way is to seek direction from that adored Saviour, who vouchsafed his presence at a marriage in Cana of Galilee ; and we may be certain, that marriage
promises

promises little moral felicity, where Jesus is not invited as a guest; as pious bishop Hall says, "Those that marry IN Christ, cannot marry WITHOUT him." This was the basis on which my connection was formed with your honoured father, and has often been to me a source of pleasing reflection;—it has supported us both under many severe domestic trials, and still affords us the highest gratification. And you, my child—Ah! here comes your brother James—I must therefore say no more upon this delicate subject.—Well, James, are you come to share with us in surveying the beauties of the ocean?

James. My father has just arrived from the city, and has sent me to request your return with sister Eliza, to tea; as the afternoon is so pleasant, he has ordered the servant to prepare the table in the arbour on the mount.

Mother. With all my heart, James,—come, let your mother lean upon your arm.

THE MINISTER'S PRAYER-BOOK.

A CLERGYMAN of an independent congregation, after many years labour among his people, was supposed, by some of his members, very much to decline in his vivacity and usefulness; accordingly

two of the deacons waited upon him, and exhibited their complaint. The minister received them with much affection, and assured them that he was equally sensible of his languor and little success, and that the *cause* had given him very great uneasiness. The deacons wished, that if the minister was sufficiently free, he would name what he thought was the cause. Without hesitation, the minister replied, **THE LOSS OF MY PRAYER-BOOK.** Your prayer-book, said the senior deacon, with surprize, I never knew you used one! Yes, replied the minister, I have enjoyed the benefit of one for many years till very lately, and I attribute my ill success to the loss of it.—The prayer of my people was my prayer-book; and it has given me great grief that they have laid it aside. Now, brethren, if you will return to my people, and procure me the use of my prayer-book again, I doubt not but that I shall preach much better, and you will hear more profitably. The deacons, conscious of their neglect, thanked the minister for his reproof, and wished him—good morning.

NATURAL

NATURAL HISTORY.



THE LAMB.

OVIS, the SHEEP, in the system of MAMMALIA, a genus of the order of pecora, the *characters* of which are these: The horns are concave, turned backwards, and full of wrinkles; there are eight fore-teeth in the under-jaw, and no dog-teeth.
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The *species* are, 1. Aris, or ram and ewe; the horns of which are shaped like a half-moon, and compressed. 2. The Guineensis, or Guinea sheep, has pendulous ears, large hairy dew lips, and a prominence on the hind part of the head. The wool is short, like that of the goat. 3. The Strepficeros, or Creton sheep, has strait carinated horns, twisted in a spiral manner. It is a native of Mount Iola. The sheep is the most harmless, and yet most exposed to danger of all other animals. It may be esteemed one of Nature's great gifts to mankind; its flesh is excellent food, and its fleece highly beneficial for cloathing. The property of the ancients principally consisted of sheep and other animals! Job, after his affliction, had no less than fourteen thousand sheep.

SHEEP, from their obedience to their shepherd, their patience under suffering, their proneness to wander, their exposure to enemies, and their profitableness to mankind, are used in the sacred scriptures to disignate those happy souls who were bought with the blood, and called by the voice of Jesus Christ our CHIEF SHEPHERD, and placed by him in the fold of his church to feed in the pastures of his unsearchable grace.—LAMBS, the young of the sheep, from their tenderness, activity, meekness, innocence, and defencelessness, are
equally,

equally descriptive of those young converts whom Peter was commanded to *feed*; and whom, according to prophecy, Christ, the good Shepherd, *gathers with his arm, and carries in his bosom.*

It is our intention, in this piece of Natural History, to contemplate the *Lamb* which the volume of revelation exhibits as a lively emblem of Jesus Christ, the LAMB OF GOD, *who taketh away the sin of the world*; John. i. 29.—The *Lamb* which Abraham told Isaac, his son, *God would provide himself for a burnt offering.* Gen. xxii. 7, 8.—Under this emblem Messiah has been known in all ages. He was *the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world*; decreed so to be, and perpetually exhibited as such through successive periods, until he shed his blood for men. Rev. xiii. 8. This, probably, therefore, was the creature slain, the skin of which *the Lord God made coats and clothed* our first disobedient parents, to teach them the necessity of a sacrifice; and, that righteousness, procured by HIM, who was *to bruise the serpent's head*, that they might be justified with God.

It is certain, that the *Lamb*, selected by the express command of the Almighty, to be the victim sacrificed, to secure the Hebrews when the destroying angel was commissioned to smite the first born of Egypt, and to form the supper for those who
were

were to pass over the Red Sea, did, in a very circumstantial manner, typify the blessed Jesus, and the rich benefits of his grace. An expositor, who cannot be mistaken, has given us this interpretation of that remarkable ceremony: *Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed for us.* 1 Cor. v. 7. Declaring, hereby, that Christ is a *real* sacrifice; that he was *prefigured* in this capacity, by the Paschal Lamb; that the circumstances which distinguished it met in him; and the *advantages* which resulted from it flowed through him.

The name of this celebrated feast *Pascha*, *Passover*, because the angel of the Lord *passed over* the doors of the Israelites, on seeing the posts thereof sprinkled with the blood of the Lamb; evangelically it points to the great feast of the gospel. God, passing over the offences of his people, through the complete satisfaction by the blood of Jesus Christ.—The Lamb was *to be taken from the sheep, or from the goats*; Jesus was made a partaker of flesh and blood, and, *in all things like unto his brethren*; yet, *separated* from them in his designation to the office of a Mediator, in the miraculousness of his Incarnation, and in his performing the great work of redemption alone.—The Paschal Lamb was *without blemish*: such was the Lamb of God, free from all taint of original sin, and from every spot of actual transgression;

sion; he was *holy, harmless, undefiled*; and, *through the eternal Spirit, he offered himself without spot to God.*—*A Lamb of the first year*, in all the sprightliness and beauty of youth; Christ also laid down his life, not when worn out with age, or debilitated with sickness, but in the very prime of his days, amidst all the bloom of health, and all the vigour of manhood, that this tender, precious Lamb may prove the sweetest food for the believing soul; and to testify that his sacrifice is of perpetual efficacy.—Nor is it without meaning that the Lamb was, for the space of *four days*, separated from the fold; for thus also it was with Christ, if we reckon prophetic days for years. Ezek. iv. 6. At his *thirtieth* year he left his mother's house, as a fold, where he was born and brought up, and was crucified the *fourth* after. But it likewise deserves observation, that Christ came to Jerusalem to the feast, and to his last passover, on that very day on which God had commanded the Lamb to be kept up in Egypt, the tenth of the month Nisan. For six days before the passover, he came to Bethany, John xii. 1. that is, on the ninth of the month Nisan: the day after he went to Jerusalem, ver. 11. to present himself to be offered to God.—The Lamb was to be slain in such a manner as might occasion the most copious effusion of blood;

and was not this very exactly fulfilled in our suffering Saviour? On sight of that cup of indignation he came to drink, blood issued from every vein, and fell in vast drops upon *Gathsamane's* ground! the rending lashes of the *scourge*; the lacerating points of *thorns*; the rugged *nails* which pierced his hands and his feet; the deadly *spear* which ripped his side, and made way to his heart; these, these were the ways through which his most precious blood flowed, to wash away our stains.—Though the blood was to be so copiously shed, *a bone of the Lamb was not to be broken*; a circumstance this which a wonderful, interposing Providence directed. The soldiers had received their commission to *break the legs* of the three crucified persons. When they had actually broken the legs of each malefactor which hung on the right side of our Lord and on his left, their minds were over-ruled to spare the blessed Jesus, and to leave his bones untouched.—The Lamb was to be killed *before the whole assembly*; and did not the whole multitude of the Jews conspire against our Redeemer to put him to death? Did they not all, with one voice, cry, *Crucify him, crucify him?* Was he not put to death at one of their grand festivals, and in the sight of the whole assembled nation? The *blood* was not to be poured heedlessly upon the ground, but received carefully into a basin, and

and *sprinkled* with the utmost punctuality *upon the door posts*. In like manner the blood of this precious Lamb was to be realized in heaven, and to be received by an humble faith, and applied to our consciences.—The sprinkling of the blood of that Lamb secured every Israelite from the destroying angel's sword; and the blood of Jesus Christ *cleanseth from all sin*, and saves us from the pains of eternal death.—The Lamb was to be *roasted with fire*, and the soul of Christ suffered the fire of divine anger against sin; so that, according to David, *his heart was like wax, melted in the midst of his bowels*!—As the blood of the Paschal Lamb was the peace and preservation of the Hebrews, so they were to *eat the whole flesh*, and none of it was to remain until the morning: thus the Lord Christ hath not only made peace by the blood of his cross, but hath given *his flesh for the life of the world*; *his flesh is meat indeed*—more nourishing to our souls than the delicious flesh of the tender lamb is to our bodies; and, *whosoever eateth thereof hath everlasting life*. Not a part only, but the whole of this precious Lamb of God is embraced by faith: his person, obedience, life, death, grace, and offices, form the delightful food of his ransomed people, so that, emphatically, he is said to be *all, and in all*. It must not be forgotten, that those who celebrated
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the Paschal Supper, eat the Lamb with *unleavened bread, and with bitter herbs; their loins were girt, their feet shod, their staff in their hands, and to eat in haste*; equally those who, by faith, feed upon Christ, the slaughtered Lamb, *keep the feast with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth*; the bitter herbs of affliction are of real advantage to enliven and preserve the appetite of their soul, that they may feed more deliciously upon the Saviour; *for, if we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him*; their loins are girt about with truth; their feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; the staff of divine Promise is held in the hand of Faith; and in their general deportment they testify that *here they have no abiding city, but seek one to come*. The whole of this very remarkable institution was from the Lord, without the solicitation, or the merit of the Hebrew captives, to produce their temporal deliverance; infinitely more so the gift of Christ, the Lamb of God, was the sole fruit of the Father's unmerited, everlasting love; to procure our liberty from sin, the power of satan, the sting of death, the curse of the law, to bring us the enjoyment of God in time, and to lead us over the red sea of death to the mansions of glory in eternity.

We cannot omit citing that evangelic view
which

which the prophet Isaiah had of Messiah, the Lamb of God, who was to *bear the sin of many*. *He was oppressed and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.* liii. 7. How just, how pathetic the description! Had the prophet lived in Jerusalem at the very period Jesus was betrayed, by a perfidious disciple, for *thirty pieces of silver*, and taken to the bar of Pilate; had he stood by in the prison while the Saviour submitted to be *scourged and spit upon*; had he actually crowded among the murdering Jews, and followed in the mourning train to *Calvary*, he could not in colours more strongly have marked the solemn scene, nor described the patience, humility, and submission of the blessed Jesus under his crucifiers. But if innocence mark this distinguished Lamb, why these extreme sufferings? Let the evangelic prophet himself reply. *The Lord hath lain upon him the iniquity of us all, and he bears the sin of many; thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin; therefore, it pleased the Lord to bruise him, and to put him to grief. He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.* PHI-

LIP, a preacher of the gospel, well understood this prophecy; therefore, when the Eunuch asked him, *Of whom speak the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man?* Philip began at the same scripture, and preached *unto him Jesus*, with the most pleasurable success. Acts viii. JOHN, too, when he saw Jesus, equally understood whom he was, when he exhorted his two companions to *behold the Lamb of God!* John i. 29. All that was designed by the Paschal Lamb, and the bleeding lambs used in the daily sacrifice;—all that the prophets prophesied of Messiah, centre in this lamb, emphatically called the LAMB OF GOD;—of his own nature, of his own providing, of his own sacrificing, and of his own accepting! O for the light of faith, to behold this adored Lamb in all the excellence of his nature, and to enjoy him in all the virtues of his sacrifice! O for an heart to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, in the vicissitudes of his providence, the institutions of his grace, and the delightful precepts of his lips!

If the contemplation of the Lamb at the *slaughter* creates such solemn sensations; let us, by aid of the scriptures, behold him glorified upon his throne. JOHN was favoured with this august sight, and he informs us—*In the midst of the throne, and of the four beings, and in the midst of the elders,*
stood

stood a lamb as it had been slain. Rev. v. 6. He that was slaughtered on Mount Calvary, for sin, is now enthroned on Mount Zion, to reign in glory! O happy subjects of his celestial dominion!—They behold him *worthy to open the seals of the book of life*, and of divine decrees. v. 2.—They stand before the throne in spotless purity, having *washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb*; and *serve him day and night in his temple*; they *shall hunger no more, neither thirst anymore*; neither *shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.* For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne *shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.* vii. 17. &c. They no longer see through a glass darkly, but face to face. No stormy cloud to fill their sky; nor do they dwell in temples made with hands, but exult in that glorious state *where no temple exists; for the Lord God Almighty, and the Lamb are the temple of it; the glory of God enlightens it, and the Lamb is the light of it.* xxi. 22, 23. From such high enjoyments, no wonder they are filled with rapture, crying, *Hallelujah, for the Lord God Almighty reigneth! Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom,*

dom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing, for ever and ever!

Thou dear Redeemer, dying LAMB,
We love to hear of Thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay:

When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And CHRIST shall be the song!

OF THE DIAMOND IT IS SAID,

INCIDIT *Gemmas, sed non inciditur ipse:*
Hircino tantum sanguine mollis erit.

That is, "It cuts other jewels, but is, itself, cut of none: nothing will soften it, but steeping it in the blood of goats,"—Just emblem of man's guilty, adamantine *heart*, which never can be softened to obedience and love to God, but by being bathed in the precious atoning blood of the Lord Christ, the true SCAPE-GOAT.

THE

THE REVOLTING CHRISTIAN
RESTORED.

*Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.*

*Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O! keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.*

STEELE.

HAVING attempted, in No. V. page 222, to describe the several stages of a revolting christian, and the aggravations of his conduct; agreeably to my promise I shall, in this paper, enumerate some of those means by which the GOOD SHEPHERD restores his wandering sheep, and the sensibility which such experience on their return.

It is an unspeakable mercy to us, that God hath said, *I will set mine eyes upon them for good;—I will build them, and not pull them down; and I will plant them, and not pluck them up. And I will give them an heart to know me, that I am the Lord; and they shall be my people, and I will*
be

be their God; for they shall return unto me with their whole heart. Jer. xxiv. 6, 7. Those eyes pervade our path, and penetrate the inmost recesses of our hearts; not to pursue us with deserved judgment, but to overcome us with his unbounded mercy! That adored Saviour who hath purchased his people with his most precious blood, *deviseth means that his banished people be not expelled from him.* 2 Sam. xiv. 14. These means are wisely adapted to the end, and never fail to bring the wanderer home with tears.

The ministers of the gospel are commanded to go, and proclaim these words—*Return, thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord; and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you, for I am merciful, saith the Lord; and I will not keep anger for ever. Only acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God, and have not obeyed my voice, saith the Lord. Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord, for I am married unto you.* Jer. iii. 12, 13, 14. The soul of disobedient David was brought to a sensibility of its shameful guilt, and awful departure from the Lord, by a message sent by Nathan the prophet—*Thou art the man.* 2 Sam. xii. 7. Ministers are faithfully to declare unto revolting professors, that *their own wickedness shall correct them,*

them, and their own backslidings shall reprove them;—that such should deeply know, and see, that it is an evil thing, and a bitter, that they have forsaken the Lord their God, and that his fear is not in them, saith the Lord God of Hosts. Jer. ii.

19. By so doing God often conveys an arrow of conviction to the heart, opens its guilt, produces repentance, and restores the backslider to the sensible enjoyment of his smiles.

Affliction is another mean by which the wanderer is frequently restored. *If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgment; if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments, then will I visit their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquities with stripes. Nevertheless, my loving kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail.*

Psa. lxxxix. 3. God hath many rods; and although they be held in a Father's hands, and honey be at the end of every twig, yet they are calculated to make the disobedient feel. According to the complexion of the mind, the wanderings of the heart, and the errors of the life, will be the severity of the chastisement; *the fruit of all is to take away sin.* Isa. xxvii. 9. God's dealing with Israel, recorded in the second and thirteenth chapters of Hosea, should be solemn warnings to a revolting

volting christian. Although in the midst of prosperity, and reclining upon the lap of ease, God can, by a variety of providences, and by unexpected means, *hedge up your way with thorns, and make a wall, that you should not find your path. God's furnace is in Zion, and his fire in Jerusalem.* Isa. xxxi. 9. purposely to try and refine his own people from their dross. Remember, it is not any fire, any furnace, nor any affliction, that will answer the purpose of reclaiming a backslider; but it is God's fire, which he kindles in faithfulness, love, and mercy; and which will, sooner or later, humble the proud heart; and bring the transgressor to the Lord. Afflictions in themselves do but irritate, harden, and produce rebellion; but God's chastisement shall heal as well as wound; for, saith the Lord concerning the revolting christian, *I have seen his ways, and will heal him: I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him, and to his mourners.* Isa. lviii. 18. For this very purpose Christ sits as a refiner and purifier of silver; and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness. Mal. iii. 3. Remember he sits to watch the gold in the furnace, and to regulate the heat. In proportion to the state of the mind shall be the severity of the fire of affliction;

affliction; and Christ frequently employs satan, wicked men, and hypocrites, skillful to afflict, to bring *fuel* to the furnace. Ah, Christian! sooner than your heart shall remain in a cold, stupid, prayerless, disobedient state, the furnace shall be made seven times hotter than it was wont to be made. Your being a subject of redeeming grace does not screen you from suffering, nor gives you indulgence in sinful sloth; but, on the contrary, God will not suffer you long to remain in this state: for, whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth; and those who are practically acquainted with a life of faith, know, that as sure as they revolt from God in the frame of their hearts, and in the duties of the gospel, an affliction of some sort awaits them, to convince them of their folly.—The Prodigal left his father with apparent satisfaction; but a famine was produced, and brought him back again, weeping, to his father's arms.

Sometimes the very object, means, or temptation by which a person was induced to revolt from God, is, by an over-ruling providence, made the means of restoration. The very idols which may have engrossed your affections and decoyed your feet astray, shall either be dashed in pieces before your eyes, or they shall be suffered to remain as thorns in your sides, and spears in your heart, to convince you

of your folly in departing from the Lord. Spiritual idolatry is one of the grossest sins, and never fails to lead the mind into ten thousand evils, before we are aware. God is a jealous God over the people loves; he will not suffer a rival to remain long in their hearts; and he will cast them out, and make us mourn with bitterness for our folly. David loved Absalom inordinately, therefore Absalom shall usurp his father's throne, and prove an arrow in his father's heart. Solomon knew, by his own bitter experience, that, *the backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways.* Prov. xiv. 14. God can sufficiently punish his own disobedient children without sending them to hell; for he can send an *hell* into them;—he can open the great deep of their own hard hearts; bring them to a recollection of their conduct; shew them the aggravations of their sin, and make them loath themselves for their abominations against him. They are thus filled with remorse; they arise in indignation against themselves; their wounds gape wide; and they feel the need of a physician's balm. Repentance flows from a broken heart, and faith again ventures upon the promise. *He will turn again: He will have compassion upon us. Thou wilt subdue our iniquities, and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea.* Mic. vii. 19. From this persuasion the soul
returns

returns again by prayer; finds God faithful to his promise, and receives the pledges of redeeming love.

It is not unusual with God to restore his wandering people, by the secret communication of HIMSELF, without the use of any visible means. *The Lord turned, and looked upon Peter.* Luke xxii. 61. It was enough; his heart dissolved; he remembered his sin;—ashamed and confounded, he retired, and wept. When the SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS arises upon the wanderer's mind, those sins which were committed with little conviction, now keenly impress the heart.—He feels the darkness of his mind; regrets his extreme distance from the sensible presence of the Lord, and adopts the language of David—*Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy HOLY SPIRIT from me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free spirit.* Ps. li. 11, 12. God secretly expostulates with the soul,—*O my people, what have I done unto thee? and wherein have I wearied thee? testify against me?* Mic. vi. 3. All the tender feelings of the soul are awakened; he approaches the Lord, who secretly whispers peace, sheds abroad his love within the heart, and fixes its standing more secure than it was before it fell.

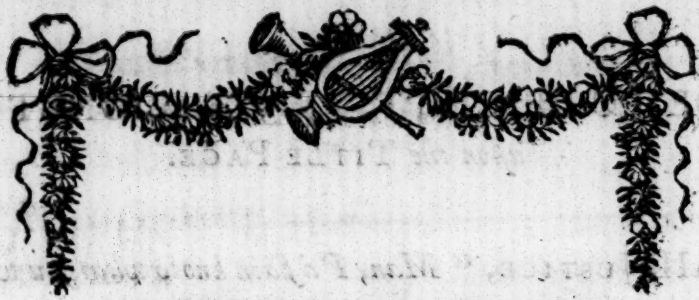
The sensibility of a reclaimed Christian is extremely great. His soul abhors the sins, and shud-

ders
POETRY

ders at the path which led his feet astray;—he deeply laments his distance from God, and the spiritual decay which such perfidious conduct has produced in his soul. He no longer triumphs over the imperfections and miscarriages of others, but cultivates towards them the most tender compassion. He now proves the sovereignty of grace, and the preciousness of God's love, that preserved his soul from hell, and brought him back with joy. He no longer trusts the attainments of his mind, nor the feelings of his heart; but puts his trust alone in the protection of the Almighty. His views of Christ are more brilliant; his faith in him is more firm; and his love towards him is more ardent. It is impossible fully to describe the fine feelings of such a man's soul. Sufficient to say, it is the work of God, and worthy its Almighty Author. We learn from it, that God hates sin even in his own people; and in their restoration, he makes them feel its bitterness before he gladdens their hearts with his smiles. Let none, therefore, presume; let none despair. Happy, unspeakably happy are they who can sing of restoring mercy—live in sweetest union with a God of love; and, by faith, anticipate the bright prospect of eternity, where they shall be admitted to the immediate presence of God and the Lamb; never, never more to wander from beneath his shadow, but resound his praise for ever.

Amen.

POETRY.



P O E T R Y.

THE FOUNTAIN.

—*Non diminitus largiendo.*

IN various schemes my early days I spent,
To win that bliss, by mortals nam'd **CONTENT**;
But ev'ry step I took successful prov'd
To reach the unknown something which I lov'd.
Youth, health, and friends, and pleasures, all were vain;
My heart still ach'd for what I could not gain.
I climb'd, and climb'd; but still the precious fruit,
So much desired, eluded all persuit.

At last, heav'n led my steps to **CALV'RY**'s mount,
On whose high top I saw a wond'rous Fount.
To ev'ry comer, it free welcome gave,
To drink, if thirsty; or, if faint, to lave.
I drank—then plung'd—and found, in Jesu's blood,
The wish'd for pearl, **CONTENT**, and ev'ry good.

ABDIEL.

Leeds, March 12, 1776.

POETIC

POETIC DESCRIPTION *of the* VIGNETTE
upon the TITLE PAGE.

SAI^D JUSTICE, "*Man, I'd fain know what you weigh.*
"*If weight, I spare you: if too light, I slay.*"
Man leap'd the scale. It mounted. "*On my word,*"
(Said Justice,) "*less than nothing!—where's my sword?*"
VIRTUE was there, and her small weight would try.
The scale, unsunk, still kick'd the beam on high.
MERCY, the whitest dove that ever flew,
From CALV'RY fetch'd a twig of crimson hue:
Aloft it sent the scale on t'other side.
MAN smil'd: and JUSTICE own'd,—"*I'm satisfied!*"

EUXENE.

NO 61



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